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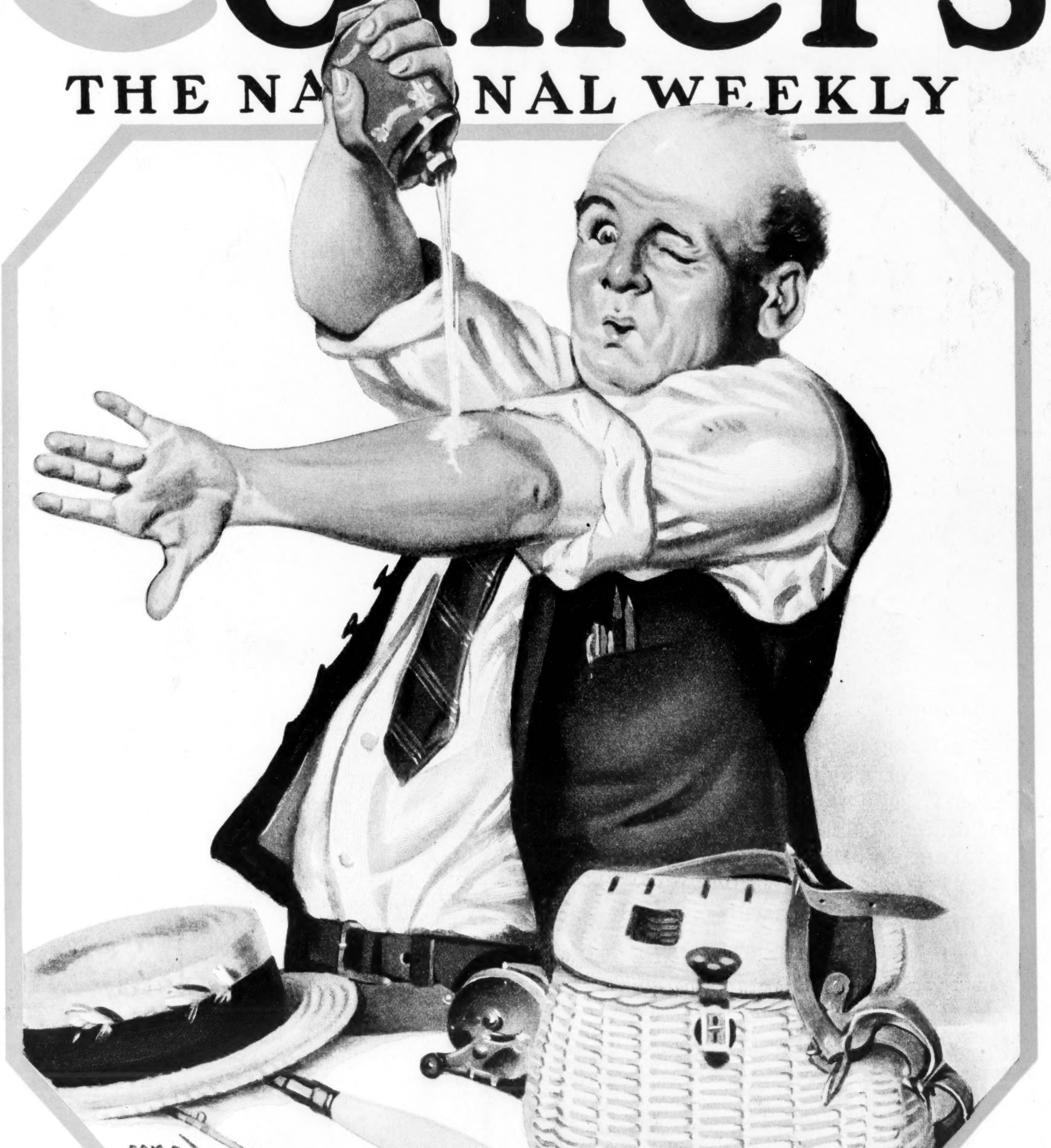
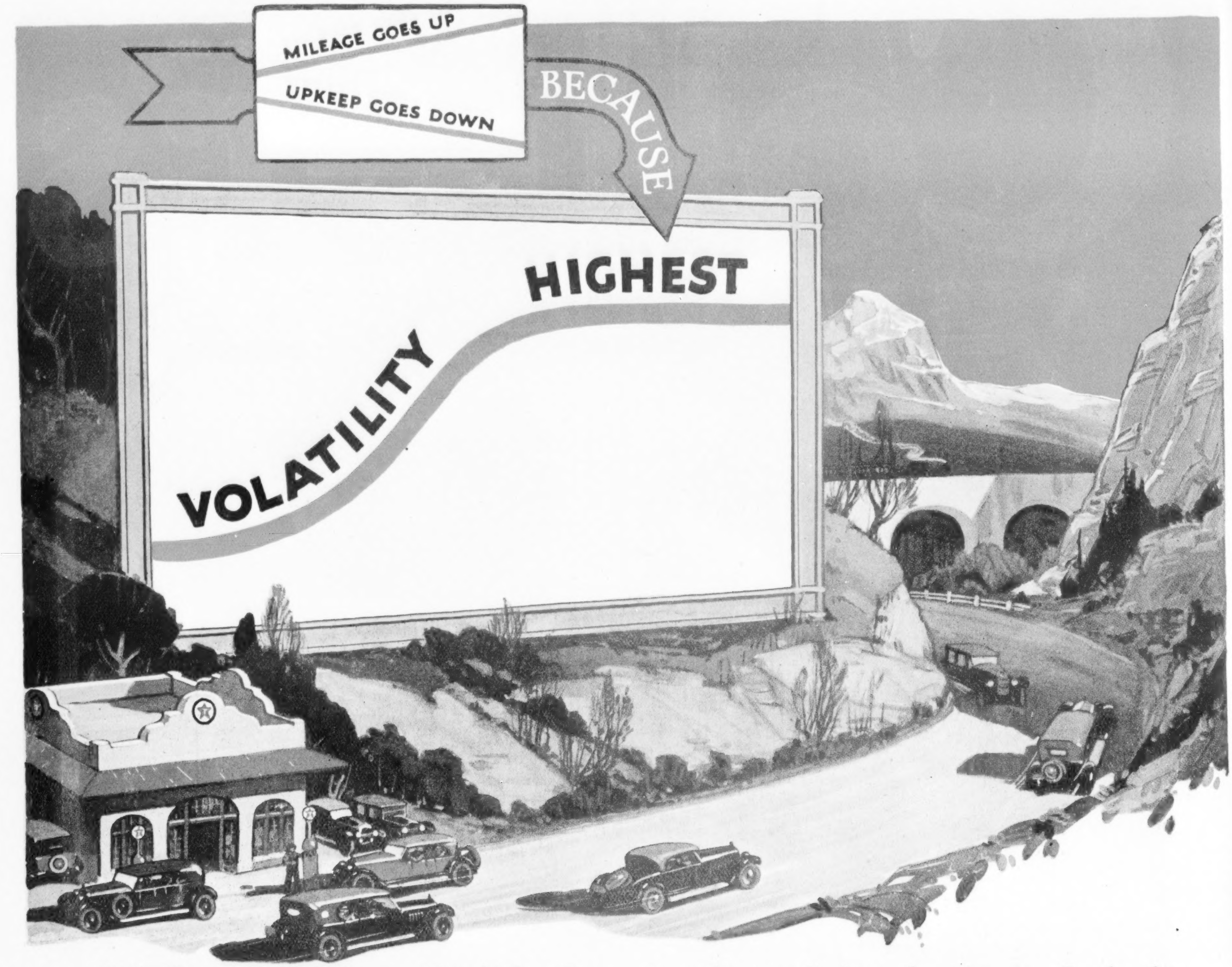


Henry Ford Wants to End War With a Big Stick.

White Wings A Limehouse Story by Thor

MRS W INGERSOLL
50 CEDAR RDR
GREAT NECK L I N Y 22



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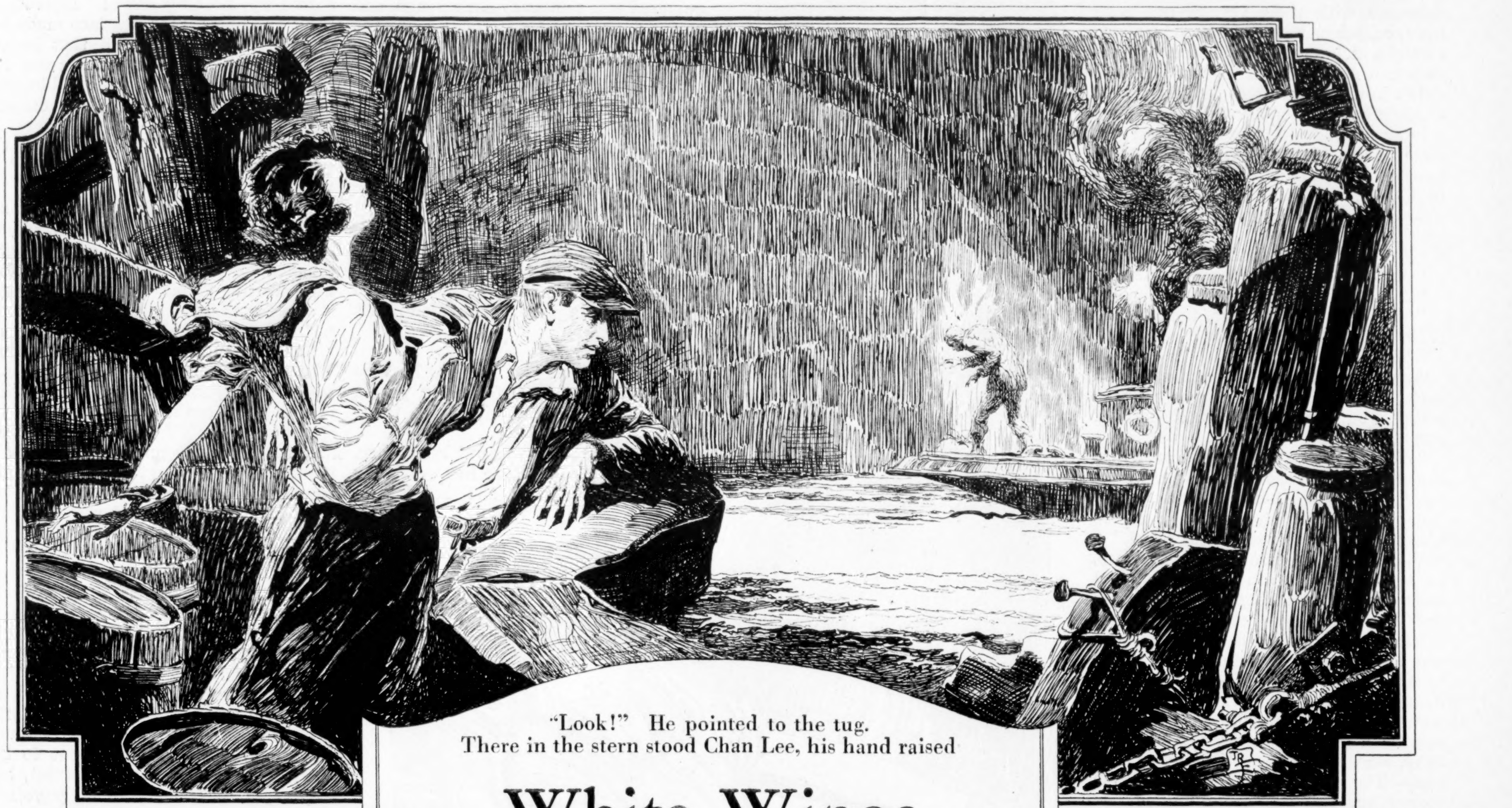


"Look!" He pointed to the tug. There in the stern stood Chan Lee, his hand raised

White Wings

By Thomas Burke

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

FOR love and for all young lovers this tale is made.

They tell it of Jenny Drumpin in the bars and tea houses of Pennyfields—or, rather, she tells it herself and they pass its fragments about with levity. They speak of pipe dreams and the bottom of the glass, but she says it's true, and from it traces all her present misery.

It is hardly a tale for the public bar or the pavements of Poplar, but a tale for the old at the fireside or for boys and girls, to be whispered or sung in moonlit alleys by the sea.

But Jenny never sits at a fireside, and though she whispers to herself in the alleys of Limehouse, no boy or girl has ever stopped to listen. Even if they did—

But here is the tale as I heard it in the Star of the East:

IT APPEARS—and this is the first touch of fable—that the grizzled and palsied Jenny Drumpin was once young and pretty, full of the colt's quiver, and much looked upon by the boys. At eighteen she had, they say, dense black hair that shone purple where the light caught it, a clear and ardent eye, and a mouth that was fairly maddening. Every evening, when she came out from Amoy Place, plumed and radiant for the holiday hours, never less than six of the most delectable lads were gathered on the corner, awaiting her judgment and selection.

Young Ben Cutbush lived in Three Colt Street, but though he lived in a tiny home in a poor street, and rightly belonged there, his home was different from other homes in that he had a servant. The servant's name was Chan Lee, a little Chinese boy and a hunchback.

A few years before, Ben had been well on the way to a mate's ticket, but he never reached it. A night ashore put an end to it. An affair in the native quarter left him in the morning with one sound eye and a small hunchback creature, who followed him doglike and snapped at those who would part him from his chosen lord. Carelessly, humorously, Ben recognized that he had acquired a slave who regarded the foreign devil who had rescued him from last night's torment as a lord to be served to the end. So he accepted him, and in the same mood brought him home with him, and there, in the four-room house for which he paid his brother ten shillings a week, they had lived these four years. Ben, a wharf foreman, was at the docks during the day and with his pals in the evening, while Chan Lee cleaned house, did the shopping, washed his master's shirts and prepared his meals, uniting the duties of valet, cook, housemaid, and butler.

Soon these two became well known. All Poplar and Limehouse knew the little twisted waif that trotted about the alleys with basket and bag, looking up sidewise as though expectant of assault, and peering at the world through long eyes of topaz. Wherever he went he received smiles—English smiles—instead of kicks and derision, for in these parts to meet a hunchback is a sign of good luck. A few people grinned at Ben's menage, but he only grinned back. "My mascot. Always thought I'd find me luck in China, but all I found was this—and lorst me ticket."

Not only did Chan Lee clean and cook and shop, but in the evenings, when his master went roaming, Chan Lee followed, crawling in dark corners, hugging the wall, appearing always unexpectedly. On occasions, as when an old shipmate landed, Ben made too much of a night of it. Always Chan Lee was his kindly light, awaiting him at chucking-out time and leading the way home.

NOW one night, at the meeting of the roads by the Eastern Hotel, there was a meeting of lives.

It was evening; Jenny had just made her magnificent appearance on the corner, and the boys stood apart in airy attitudes.

Jenny was looking about her and thinking of flicking an eye at a likely lad in tight trousers, when there was a stir; then cries; then a clamor of brakes on wheels and flying figures. From the Star of the East Ben Cutbush had crossed with a friend to the other place, and, as they passed inside, Chan Lee streaked across the road after them. Thought of his master's welfare blotted out all thought of tram cars and cycles; he went streaking through them; and was almost at the farther curb when a cycle caught his foot. He stumbled; fell; and a lorry coming round West India Dock Road was upon him.

Everybody on that corner saw it coming, and everybody cried, and the cries opened all doors and emptied all bars. But Jenny Drumpin didn't cry. She knew this funny little creature by sight and liked him, and when she saw him down she made two quick steps from the pavement—one grab, two steps back—and the horses swung aside clear of the two of them.

Gravely, Chan Lee picked himself up, and while the crowd gathered round, and eyes and voices pelted Jenny with approval, he stood still, dusting himself and looking up at her. Then, into the center of the press came Big Ben. He looked at the boy, and said two sharp words. Then he turned and looked at Jenny Drumpin, who was urging the world to shut up and get away. He looked so hard that her eyes were drawn to look at him. He said: "Thanks for that," and grinned. "He's my boy, y'know—my house boy. He'd 'a' bin done if it hadn't 'a' bin for you. While they was shoutin', you done it. You got the nerve all right."

She patted her hair and swung her heel. "Oh—'snothin'."

"Wanted doin', though. You'd 'a' made a good sailor. You jump to it."

She smirked. "Think so?" She had heard about this Big Ben, owner of the hunchback Chink, and had seen him sometimes about the bars and the streets. He had always seemed bigger than other fellows, though he wasn't tall; and particularly at this moment, when they were making themselves a nuisance with their frantic applause, his face, which was one big grin aimed straight at her, moved her to awkwardness and made her feel cheap. Yet she didn't hurry him away. Between them at their knees stood Chan Lee. She put a hand down and stroked his head and picked from his shoulder a little white feather that clung to him. She held it in her fingers and blew it away. It wavered in air, circled, and settled on her hat.

"Where d'yeh git 'im?"

"Oh—picked 'im up. Canton, y'know."

"You bin to China?"

"Ah." He turned to go, then turned back. "You with this gang?"

"'M."

Again he turned, and again turned back. "D'you know—if I was a fine a gel as you, I'd take a bit o' care of meself."

"What?" She swung; it seemed that she was about to show one of her "flare-ups," from which her world ran.

"Not go about with that gang. You're worth something better. Good night."

With his great grin still on his face, he turned away with his friend, and Chan Lee went trotting after them. He left Jenny stroking her cheek, looking after them. It seemed that her cheek was smarting. Then she swung round to the crowd and said: "Well, I'm damned. 'Ear that?" Never had any man spoken to her like that without getting a good one back. Impudence! Why, she'd half a mind to go after him, and— Then the crowd scattered; traffic moved on, and the group pulled her among themselves and went their usual evening way. But she wasn't herself that evening.

NOW, it came about that in the evenings following this affair Jenny began to be aware that she was seeing this Big Ben more frequently, and she found herself thinking about him and his impudence. He seemed to be everywhere she was; not exactly following her—though she wanted to think that he was, so that she might be indignant. Indeed, he hardly gave her a glance, but wherever she went he began to appear.

At first she was scornful, then restless under it; then exasperated. She owed him one, and she began to hope that he would approach her again, so that she might work up some cutting phrase or airy word that would crowd the laughs on him. But, somehow, the more she considered him, the less opening there seemed to be for wit.

She began to bite upon that remark he had made to her. He was a man who had seen the world and knew things—not the sort of fellow who would say smart things for fun, although he grinned when saying it. Perhaps there was something in it. Perhaps it was true that she was worth better things. She had always known that she was better than the crowd, but it was pleasant to be queen even of that crowd. Only—perhaps he had meant that she might be queen of something better? Perhaps. . . .

But wherever she went he was almost sure to be there, with his one grinning eye and his thrusting manner, and his flow of gossip that gathered men about him; and what most annoyed her was that on the evenings when he wasn't there she was conscious of a feeling of emptiness.

Well, it came to the festival of the quarter—the Feast of Lanterns—and she and the crowd went out to celebrate, for a feast is a feast, whether it's your occasion or the other fellow's. As she stood in West India Dock Road, watching the return of the cemetery procession which dressed the evening mist with lanterns and set young blood stirring to the dance of drums and gongs, she felt a touch as of something fiddling round her; and, looking down, saw Chan Lee. She turned to brush him aside.

"What the devil you messing at, Monkey Face?"

The monkey face looked up at her with his long eyes, and said: "I look after you, miss."

"You what? You—? 'Ere—you 'op it. I don't want neither you nor yer boss to look after me. You—" But there was something in those silly eyes, as in Ben Cutbush's grin, that muddled her, so that she couldn't think of anything else to say, and while she was floundering the girls pulled her into the thick of the procession, and she forgot all about it.

But when they retired to the Blue Lantern to warm up, there was Big Ben sitting in the corner, grinning and chatting with a couple of pals. He was getting to be a fair nuisance, but she wasn't going to let him spoil her evening, so she didn't even look at him, but gave him her back, and drank level with the rest and got gay.

From the Lantern they went to the café in Pennyfields. The company was good. The electric piano bubbled and quivered and somebody sang songs, and others danced, and everybody wore the haggard bulldog look of those who are out for a "good time," and are going to have it.

Of course, they soon tired of that particular good time, and Jenny carried them to the Ship at Anchor, nearly knocking Chan Lee down at the foot of the stairs. A ruckus began. It was in the middle of it that she became conscious, by a prickling at the back of the head, with which she was now familiar, that she was being watched. She turned; and there, again in the corner, was Big Ben—but alone this time.

Damn the man!

What the devil was he after? Who did he think he was, following people about, and staring at them like that? For two pins she'd—

Her third whisky was put before her, and she was just framing her words for the telling-off, when she heard him get up and come across to their table. He stopped in front of her.

She looked up, summoning all the indignation which she was entitled to feel, and he looked down, and his face was one big grin. A matey, let's-be-pals face, which somehow froze her nerve; and though she opened her mouth to shoot out the sharp things she had stored up, nothing came! Instead, to her own shame, that big face made her giggle; and when she did that he put out a hand, took her glass from her fingers, put it on another table, and took hold of her arm. "Come outside, gel."

"Come—? 'Ere, I say! What's the game, mister? Who d'yeh think—"

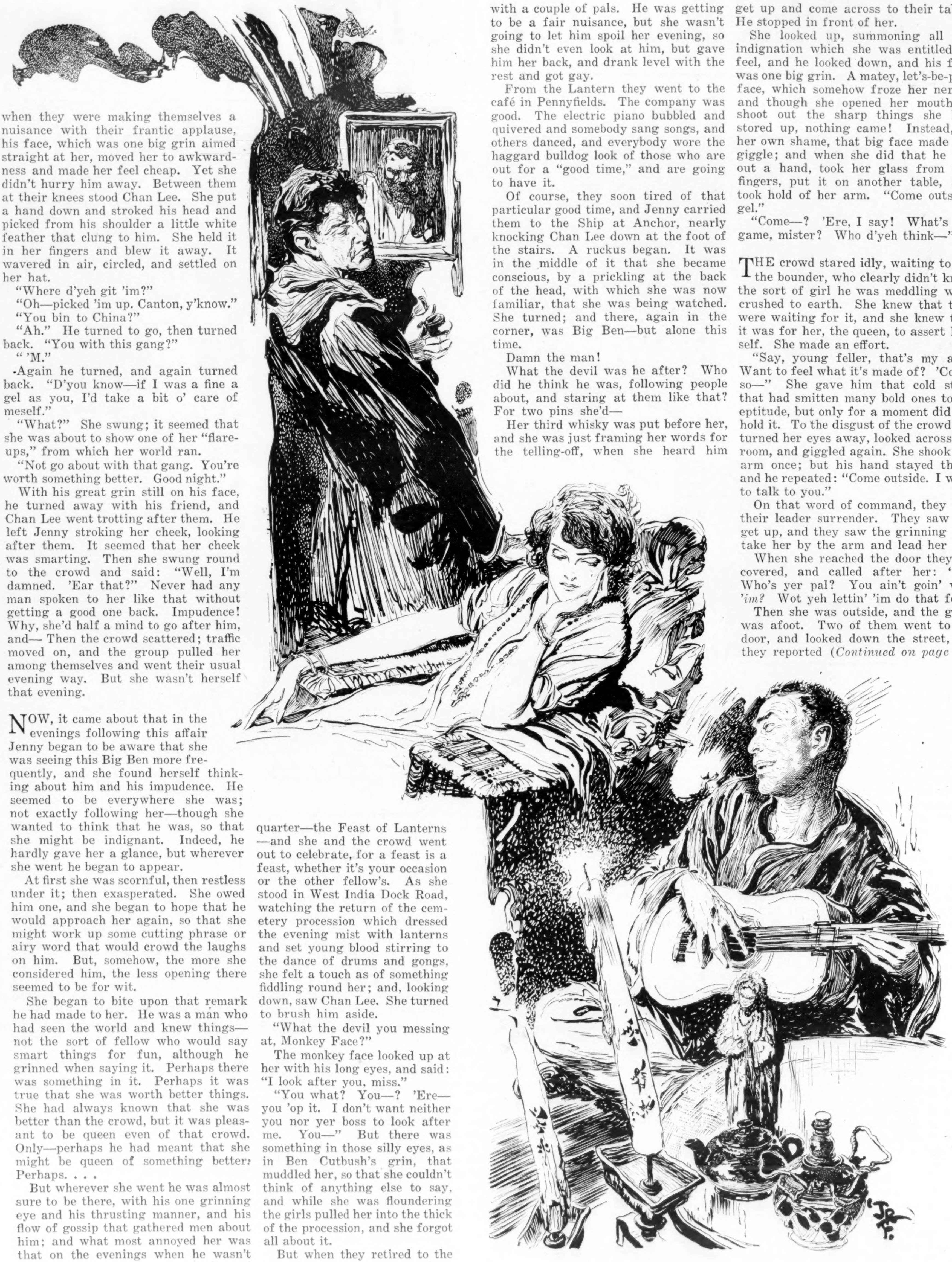
THE crowd stared idly, waiting to see the bounder, who clearly didn't know the sort of girl he was meddling with, crushed to earth. She knew that they were waiting for it, and she knew that it was for her, the queen, to assert herself. She made an effort.

"Say, young feller, that's my arm. Want to feel what it's made of? 'Cos if so—" She gave him that cold stare that had smitten many bold ones to ineptitude, but only for a moment did she hold it. To the disgust of the crowd she turned her eyes away, looked across the room, and giggled again. She shook her arm once; but his hand stayed there, and he repeated: "Come outside. I want to talk to you."

On that word of command, they saw their leader surrender. They saw her get up, and they saw the grinning Ben take her by the arm and lead her out.

When she reached the door they recovered, and called after her: "Hi! Who's yer pal? You ain't goin' with *'im?* Wot yeh lettin' 'im do that for?"

Then she was outside, and the game was afoot. Two of them went to the door, and looked down the street, but they reported (*Continued on page 25*)

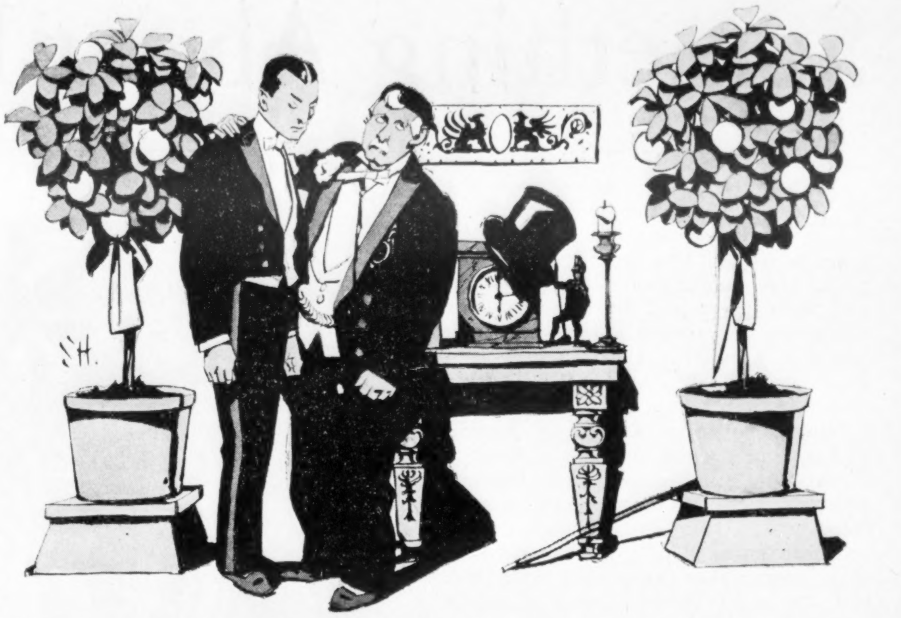


She had two devout worshipers—Big Ben and Chan Lee. She became gracious and quiet, and knew great happiness

The Play That May Make $5,000,000

By Robert L. Duffus

Illustrated by Stuart Hay



We all know Abie and his dad, and Abie's trials bring tears to our eyes

I'VE just been to see "Abie's Irish Rose" and I think I've learned something about the United States. For two years I had been walking past the New York theater in which, night after night, Abraham Levy and his Rosemary had been getting married, much against the will of their respective fathers, but I hadn't gone in because my sophisticated friends had assured me that "Abie" wouldn't interest me.

It hadn't been translated from the Ruthenian, or anything; it was sentimental, its comedy was hackneyed and forced, and it didn't even take a whack at the institution of matrimony.

That was what I gathered. The dramatic critics had all had a slam at it. "A cheap farce," said one. "No author has ever expressed her contempt for the public in such arrogant fashion," said another.

"Abie" was nothing but the story of a nice little Irish girl who ran off to New Jersey to get married to a nice young Jewish boy, of the peck of trouble that followed the attempt to make Solomon Levy think his new daughter-in-law belonged to his own race, of the ruction between the two fathers-in-law, and of the happy ending that came after the simultaneous arrival of little Patrick Joseph and little Rachel Rebecca. It was the old story of Romeo and Juliet, than which almost nothing could be older, with a new ending, and, said the critics reproachfully, a good deal of slapstick humor added.

So I went to what I was told were the really good plays—that is, if I could get to them before they went bankrupt. I also went to experimental little theaters in converted stables, where the audience sat on straight-backed benches which the playgoer had to stand upon or crawl under if a late-comer wanted to get past. I went home with a backache and sometimes with a headache as well, but I was under the impression that I was learning a lot about the drama. At any rate, I was getting more and more pessimistic, which would seem to indicate that I was making progress.

Meanwhile "Abie's Irish Rose," after drooping for a few weeks, began to play night after night to audiences which filled the theater from the front row in the orchestra, where one gets a crick in the neck from trying to see above the actors' ankles, to the last row in the second balcony, where a sharp eye is needed to tell who, if anyone, is on the stage.

Echoes of a remarkable popularity began to come in from the great American desert, which to a Broadway wiseacre is anything west of Eighth Avenue. There is a little town in Pennsylvania in which traveling theatrical companies have counted themselves lucky if the curtain rose on the janitor, three small boys, the usual stray dog, and the local editors, who got their tickets for nothing, on the first evening of a one-night stand. "Abie" played three weeks in this town to full houses. In another Pennsylvania town, with a population of 3,900, "Abie" drew 4,200 paid admissions in four performances. It played forty-two weeks in Los Angeles, where it was first put on, twenty-six weeks in San Francisco, ten weeks in Montreal (which I am sorry to say is regarded as "the poorest show town on the continent"), twenty-nine weeks in Pittsburgh, ten weeks in Buffalo, eleven weeks in Cincinnati, and by the time this is printed will have passed the seven months' stage in Chicago. In New York, where it opened on May 22, 1922, it will almost certainly finish its third continuous year. It has played to more than a million persons in New York, and probably more than that elsewhere. It maintains five companies and almost justifies the Chicago journalist who called it "one of America's six leading industries."

High-brows scoffed at "Abie's Irish Rose" when it was produced in New York. But five companies are now playing it, 2,000,000 persons have seen it, and the author, a woman, may make $5,000,000. What's the answer? What human chords does this simple drama touch? What does its success tell about America? Mr. Duffus has tried to find out.

"Abie" has been presented before all the kinds of audiences there are in the United States, including an audience of prisoners at Sing Sing, and has captivated them all. Harold Shubert, who has played the title part for more than two years (it found him acting in a Pasadena stock company and has landed him firmly on Broadway), told me that every audience has laughed at exactly the same lines, and that all seemed to be affected by the same emotions at exactly the same situations. Once a man near the front of the orchestra guffawed so loudly that he stopped the show. Afterward he apologized. The story of Abie and Rosemary, he said, was so exactly like his own that he felt as though he were gazing at the boy he used to be, and he could see, after the passage of some years, how funny that boy had been. Of course, like most of the laughs in "Abie," his was a laugh with tenderness in it.

It didn't seem to make any difference how many Jews or Irishmen a town had or didn't have. The play ran nineteen weeks in Toronto, where eighty per cent of the population is straight Protestant. This sort of thing doesn't happen, except in a press agent's dream, more than once in a blue moon. "Abie's Irish Rose" has joined "Lightnin'," "The First Year," "Peg o' My Heart," "The Old Homestead," "Way Down East," and maybe "Uncle Tom's Cabin" itself (in the stage version) in the list of American plays that will be remembered after the generation that produced them.

Eventually I began to suspect that the joke was on me and my sophisticated friends and the dramatic critics rather than on "Abie" and his audiences. So I disguised myself as one of the common people by putting on a flat-topped straw hat with a ribbon in regimental colors and got a ticket. In fact, I not only went to the play twice but interviewed the author, several members of the New York cast, and everyone else I could buttonhole who had an opinion on the subject.

I won't pretend that as a result of these inquiries I have learned the whole of "Abie's," or the author, Miss Anne Nichols's, secret. "Abie" wasn't recognized even as good box-office material by any of the New York producers to whom Miss Nichols showed it when she was trying to get it staged, and I don't believe any of them could lay down the general principles by which to recognize the next "Abie" when it comes along. And if they can't I know I can't. But that doesn't matter, for just now I am more concerned with human nature than with the drama. What I want to know is what this play's success tells about America.

I think it demonstrates, in the first place, that racial and religious prejudice hasn't soured these United States. The heart of "Abie" is in a conversation between a Catholic priest and a Jewish rabbi. They are talking of their adventures in France during the war.

"We didn't have much time to think of any one religion on the battlefields," the rabbi says.

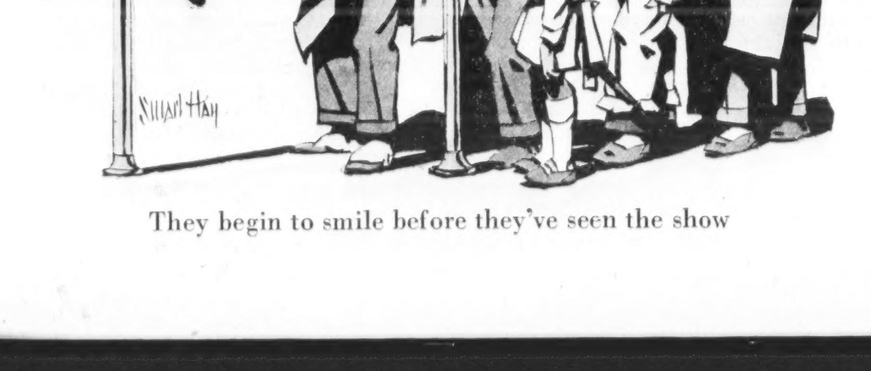
"Sure, they all had the same God above them," replies the priest, "and what with all the shells bursting, and the shrapnel flying, with no one knowing just what moment death would come, Catholics, Hebrews, and Protestants alike forgot their prejudices and came to realize that all faiths and creeds have about the same destination, after all."

"Abie" and Shakespeare.

IF YOU are one of those who are irritated by this idea, you won't like Anne Nichols's play. However, it has been expressed just as solemnly in other plays which were only moderately successful. Miss Nichols gives it a new slant. She doesn't say that prejudices are wicked, but that they are foolish. She doesn't invite you to despise persons who are narrow-minded, but to smile at them, feel sorry for them, and perhaps, though you don't realize it at the time, see the reflection of your own amusing narrow-mindedness in them.

So, in the second place, I think the popularity of this play shows that an impressive number of the people of these United States are able to see the joke in intolerance. That is another way of saying that we are growing more tolerant, or haven't been as intolerant as has been supposed.

There are two kinds of humor in "Abie." One, which is on the surface, is closely (*Continued on page 30*)



They begin to smile before they've seen the show

Something About Bermuda

By Harold H. Armstrong

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

AN INCLEMENT April rain was beating bleakly down upon the deck of the Bermuda boat, and Charlie Swinnerton, who had come to see his law partner off, gazed up at the lachrymose sky dejecetedly, and then proceeded to make piteous moaning noises through his nose. "Rank injustice, I call it. I hope you're sick as a dog both ways and that you don't do better than a hundred."

"On the contrary, I shall not be sick a day, and I fully expect to shoot a seventy-five, at least." Ben Beamer grinned with irritating complacence. "Moreover, I seem to remember it was you who sneaked off to Bermuda last year, presumably for a week, and then had the crust to stay away a whole month."

"That was different, you know darned well it was," Charlie asserted brazenly. "How could I tell I was going to meet my fairy princess down there? Surely a man's got a right to a month's honeymoon. You jingle a few merry wedding bells yourself, and I won't kick if you leave me flat for six weeks."

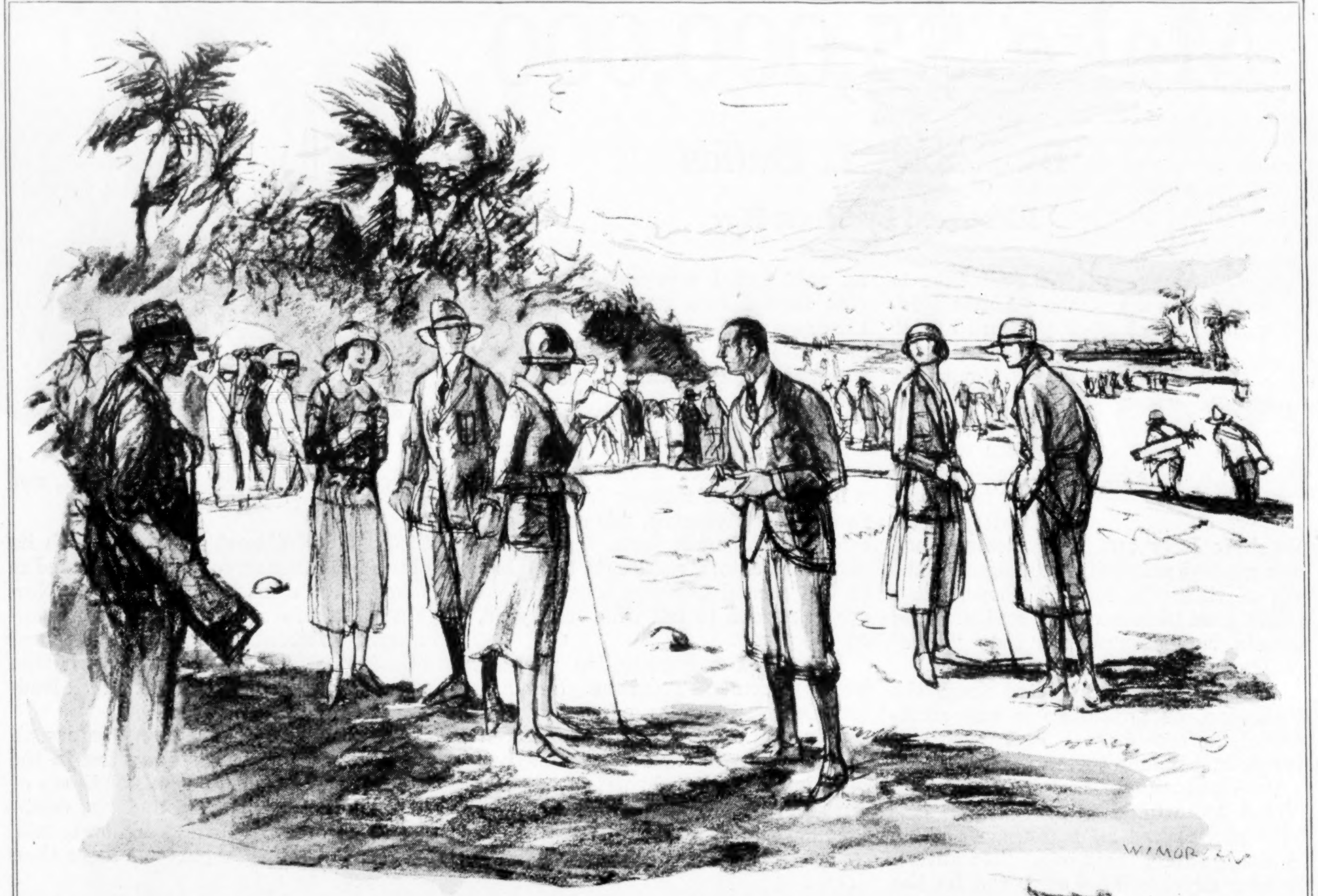
Ben stiffened nervously. "No, thanks. A vacation of six weeks is scarcely worth a lifetime of servitude."

"Ho—hum. Not man enough to put it across—that's your trouble. Still, there's something about Bermuda that gets you where you live. Nice moon, languid breezes, tropical sun—might even thaw you out. Now, who can tell; perhaps on this same stanch craft there lurks some wonderful, wonderful girl—"

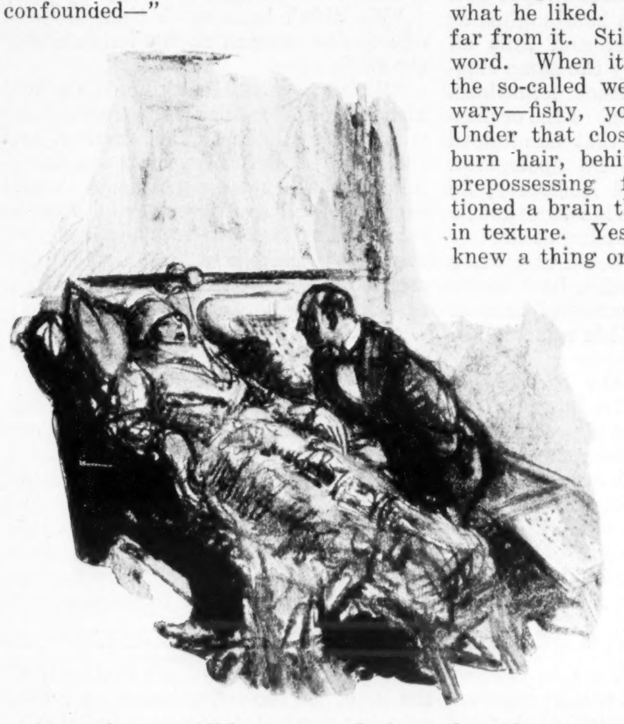
"Oh, stow it!" protested Ben with growing distaste. "My sole purpose in going to Bermuda is to whittle down my golf score a few notches, and I shall devote myself to nothing else."

"No harm in looking over the material, anyhow. I'll see if I can't scout up something promising for you."

"Good lord, Charlie, don't be such a confounded—"



"Cable from your aunt," he told the champion, then added: "There's a boat in half an hour"



"You play, too?" he inquired gloomily. She shook her head. "One golfer in the family's enough"

Ben desisted abruptly, not so much because his remonstrance was futile as because he realized he was shouting almost into the faces of his immediate neighbors along the rail. Two women, they were; one, a young dark-haired girl with large brown eyes of the variety often described as wistful; the other, an old lady, only partly sheltered from the rain by a large umbrella.

NOW, like most aged bachelors of thirty, Ben Beamer had his Theories about Women. He might not know much about them, as he was wont to say with becoming modesty, but at least he knew what he liked. No woman hater, he—far from it. Still, caution was the good word. When it came to dealing with the so-called weaker vessels, Ben was wary—fishy, you might almost say. Under that close-curled thatch of auburn hair, behind those pleasant and prepossessing features, there functioned a brain that was distinctly hard in texture. Yes, he rather guessed he knew a thing or two about girls.

The warmest spot in Ben's heart, so far as women were concerned, was reserved almost exclusively for very fragile old ladies.

Like this one next him, who seemed in dire peril of being blown overboard any minute, umbrella and all! Instantly he warmed to her—to the thin white hair escaping her ancient bonnet, the benevolent, kindly wrinkles that interlaced her sage face, her eyes so wise and undimmed, her spare little figure so erect and dauntless.

"I'm so worried about you, Aunt Zephine," the brown-eyed girl was saying.

"Worried? What rubbish!" Evidently the old lady didn't care for the idea of being fussed over, and, at that, the girl appeared the more helpless of the two.

"But you *are* going to be lonesome, you know."

"Hmpf! Glad of a bit of peace around the house."

The dark-haired girl persisted: "But what if you should be ill?" Ben couldn't help liking her air of tender solicitude; indeed, he approved of anybody who truly appreciated old ladies.

"Me ill?" countered Aunt Zephine somewhat pettishly. "Don't be so silly, Marjorie! You lay up for repairs a whole lot oftener than I do."

"Anyway, you really mustn't stay out in this rain a moment longer." The girl smiled indulgently. "Might catch a bad cold."

"Not a step do I stir till Cecil comes back. What's keeping her so long?"

"Cecil? Oh, she's probably polishing up her golf clubs, down in the stateroom."

But just then a second girl hurried up. Close behind, Charlie Swinnerton, in hot pursuit.

"My eye! Have a look at the queen I've found for you," he breathed ecstatically in Ben's ear. "And who d'you think she is? Cecil Chaney, the golf champ!"

Ben had already guessed as much. He did not see fit, however, to acquaint his facetious partner with the fact that the Chaney sisters were to be fellow guests at Tom Williams's Bermuda house party. Instead he scrutinized the famous woman champion with covert curiosity not unmixed with antipathy. There was a certain lithe springiness in her free stride, a suggestion of perfect physical fitness. But Ben had rather expected to behold a hulking broad-shouldered Amazon, and Cecil Chaney, though obviously of more durable fiber, was scarcely taller or broader than the dark-haired Marjorie.

"Talk about your silver platters!" the envious Charlie continued. "If you don't loop through now, you're even more of a nitwit than I take you for."

"Much obliged, but no lady golfers for mine! Doubtless I'm old-fashioned, but my idea of a wife is one who will be content to remain home at least part of the time—not go gallivanting around the country collecting gilt medals, while friend hubby warms the baby's bottle. No, sir, take it from an authority on the subject, the female athlete is by far the deadliest of the species."

HIS prejudice against Cecil Chaney was considerably increased by her breezy offhand manner with Aunt Zephine. Bad enough, surely, to have kept the old lady waiting in the rain, the while she fondled her golf sticks in the cabin below—though, of course, that was just what one might expect of such a girl. Even so, she might at least have pretended a little more affection. But the peculiar part of it was, Aunt Zephine seemed to set greater store upon Cecil than upon the solicitous Marjorie.

"Still, that's the way with old people," Ben reflected. "They often love the black sheep best."

The warning whistle blew just then, and the brown-eyed Marjorie embraced her aunt in tearful farewell. "Don't forget, you're to send us a telegram every day, telling us just how you are."

"Maybe I will, and maybe I won't. Please stop that sniffling!"

"Remember, if you're ill—even a little bit—I'll want to take the first boat home."

"Oh," Cecil discounted callously, "Aunt Zeph will be all right. We don't have to worry about her."

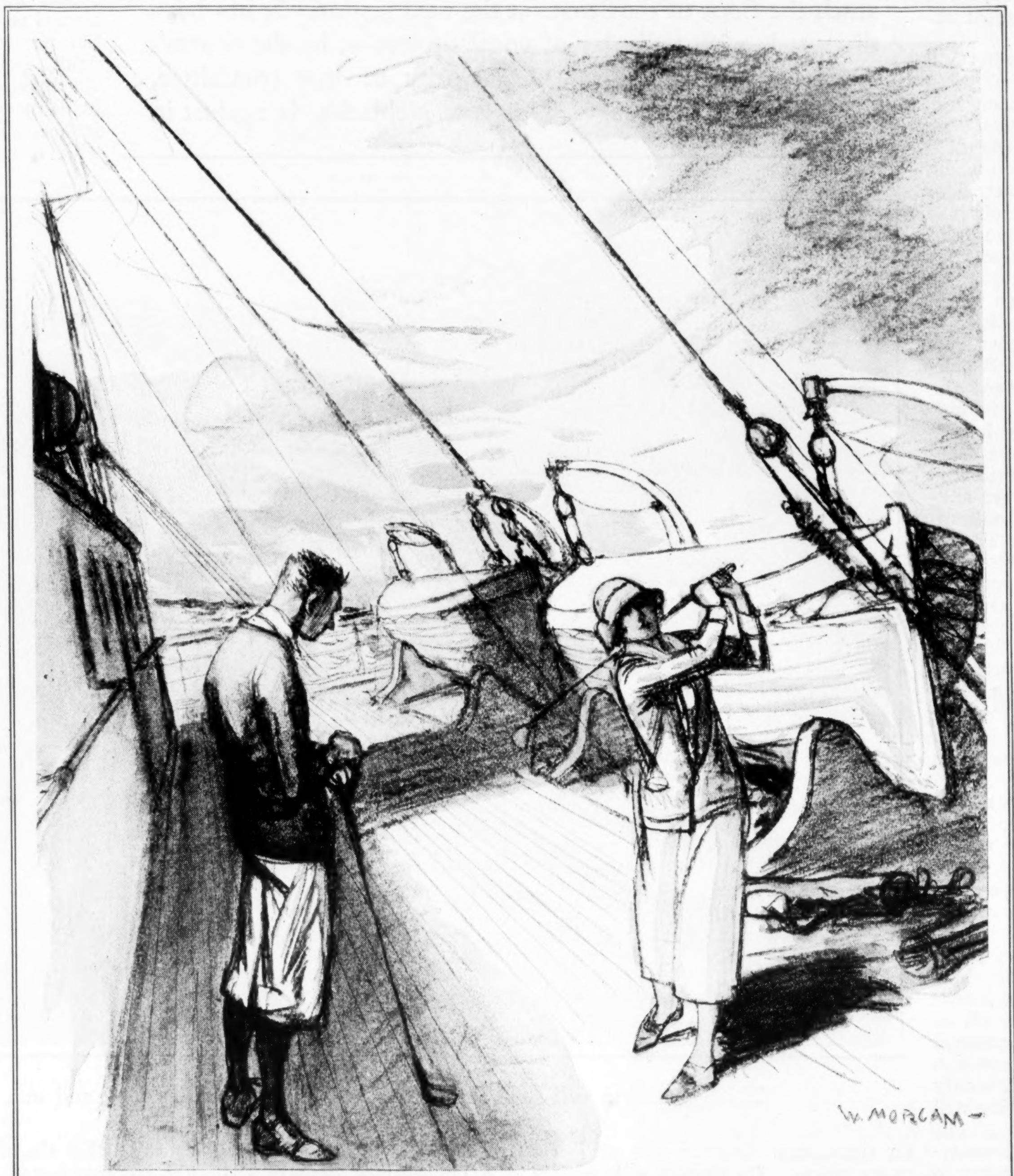
A frown of disapproval darkened Ben's usually amiable face as he watched the trio drift toward the gangplank, and a moment later observed the old lady making her forlorn way ashore.

The irrepressible Charlie reserved his final shot for the moment of adieu.

"I'll expect you back the first of June," he said, raising his voice to a shout when he noted that the Chaney sisters were within earshot. "Bring home a properly certified seventy-five and a properly certified Mrs. Beamer, and all will be forgiven."

Yes, they had heard, right enough, and Ben was certain they identified him. Under the circumstances, the natural and courteous thing to do was to introduce himself at once, and place his services at their disposal. Their mutual host, Tom Williams, had written him that the two girls would be on the boat and had specifically requested him to see to their comfort.

"Nothing stirring!" He averted his flushed face and marched straight down to his stateroom. "Bad enough to have 'em in the same house a whole week. Don't know why the devil Tom ever let his wife invite them. Of course, if Marjorie were alone, it would be different but if I'm any judge of women—which I undoubtedly am—that female champion carries barbed wire for two."



Ben yielded a grudging admiration. "Now," he thought, "she'll begin ladling out the advice"

THROUGHOUT the rest of Wednesday he continued to sulk in his tent. Thursday forenoon as well. The weather remained abominable, which helped some. But along toward three that afternoon a weak ray of sunlight glistened through his porthole, and upon investigation he was amazed to note that the sky had almost cleared.

Tarrying just long enough to seize his golf bag, he ascended to the upper deck. Not a soul in sight.

"This is too good to miss," he exulted.

Ah, what a difference—this being out of doors once more, with nothing above save a cordial sun and the cobalt canopy of heaven, with all the room in the world to uncork one's swing.

Then, of course, something had to happen to spoil his good time. From around a cabin corner stepped the great Cecil Chaney, so briskly, indeed, that she very nearly connected with his follow-through.

"I beg your pardon," he faltered. Nothing to do now but introduce himself.

"Oh, yes." If the champion was greatly thrilled, she failed to reveal the fact. "Great day for tuning up, isn't it? Mind if I take a bit of a workout up here myself?"

What perfection of form! Watching her unobtrusively, Ben was compelled to yield a grudging admiration. What effortless rhythmic coördination! He could have told that she was a champion just by the easy precision of her swing.

His own, by comparison, seemed a pitiful thing, and he was greatly embarrassed, a moment later, to discover she was watching.

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned. "Now she'll start ladling out the advice."

But the champion refrained nobly. "Peach of a game, isn't it?" she remarked cheerfully. "I'm simply dying to get out on the links again."

"Same here." He could go with her this far, at any rate. "I've been looking forward to this Bermuda trip for weeks."

She nodded.

"And, d'you know, I had a horrible feeling something would prevent my coming, at the last minute? I'd have been simply heartbroken, too, because somehow I particularly want to win this tournament."

"Tournament?"

"Bermuda Women's Championship. I'll get there just in time to qualify, Friday afternoon." She perceived his dismay. "Don't be alarmed, we shan't interfere with your shooting that seventy-five. There are three other courses, you know."

Well, this wasn't so bad—having all the women segregated on one links. Ben was so relieved he flowered into a compliment.

"Really, that's a stunning swing of yours. How d'you manage your timing? Do you pronate your wrist, or—"

"Heavens, no!" Cecil laughed, but not condescendingly. "Thank goodness, I've succeeded in forgetting all I ever learned about my wrist. Nowadays I don't bother with much of anything except trying to hit the ball. But I shouldn't worry about timing, if I were you. Your swing looks pretty much all right to me."

It must not be supposed that an experienced campaigner like Ben Beamer could be ever so slightly beguiled by womanly flattery, yet the fact remains he was considerably easier in his mind now. Cecil Chaney wasn't going to thrust unasked-for advice down his throat, and he wouldn't even have to play on the same links with her. Probably see very little of her, as a matter of fact, except at mealtime. And, at that, she wasn't a female ogre, exactly. Seemed like a harmless enough proposition—not a ravishing beauty, of course, but quite attractive enough in her way, with an enviable coat of tan which was flecked here and there with the suspicion of a disconcerting freckle and which made her alert eyes appear even bluer than they actually were. It was those eyes that reassured him most. Cool and impersonal they were, almost chilly.

"Not interested in men, that girl," he diagnosed. "All she cares about is winning golf tournaments."

SISTER MARJORIE came running up just then with a radiogram. "It's from Aunt Zephine, and she says she's feeling fine to-day!"

"To be sure." Cecil read the message carelessly, then recommenced her practice. "Why shouldn't she be feeling fine?"

Once more Ben hardened his heart. These girl athletes had no souls left at all. Didn't give a fig for anything or anybody.

"You play too?" he inquired gloomily, dropping into a steamer chair beside Marjorie.

To his joy, she shook her head emphatically. "You'll be horrified, but I just don't enjoy the game. I'm out of date, I know, but sports don't appeal to me, somehow. I guess I don't quite like the idea of girls imitating men. So I let Cecil have all the limelight, while I stay home and enjoy myself in my own way. One golfer in the family's enough, I claim."

Ben's sentiments precisely. If ever he did decide to marry, he would pick out a girl of this sort—though, of course, it was wildly improbable that Marjorie Chaney was destined to be the lucky one.

"Then there's Aunt Zephine," she went on pensively. "Someone has to stay with her, and Cecil's away a good share of the time, playing in tournaments. Understand, I'd want to do it anyway, because it makes me very happy just to be with Aunt Zephine."

"I CAN readily understand that," said Ben. "I quite fell in love with your aunt myself yesterday. Shouldn't wonder if I had a weakness for up-and-coming old ladies. They're so wise and kind, and there's a sort of ethereal loveliness about them."

"Yes, that's it exactly," Marjorie agreed eagerly. "It's so nice to find somebody who feels the same way about Aunt Zephine. But, oh, I did so dread leaving her behind, even for a week or two, and if anything happened to her, I could never forgive myself."

"There, there," he soothed. "I'm quite certain she'll be all right."

"You see, she would insist on my coming along with Cecil. Said I needed a vacation—yet I'm not at all sure I'll have a good time in Bermuda."

"Well, by Jupiter," Ben took a silent chivalrous oath, "I'm going to make it my personal business to see she does have a good time. Naturally, I shan't overdo it—she might misunderstand—but I can play golf by day and give her a grand rush every evening."

He started right in that same night. Cecil decided to retire early, against the morrow's qualifying round, so Marjorie and he sat up till midnight, exchanging confidences and in general hitting it off beautifully. Before they parted Ben had told her the story of his life, his secret opinion of Democrats—yes, even many of his profound Theories about Women.

"I've been thinking you ought to have an official guardian for this trip," he ventured, holding her hand a moment longer than was actually necessary, perhaps. "And, much as I hate to brag about myself, I can furnish excellent references from the New York courts."

"How exciting!" she acquiesced. "I think you'd

(*Continued on page 31*)

Henry Ford Wants to End War

An Interview by

Samuel Crowther

"Our bid for Muscle Shoals has been talked about a good deal," says Henry Ford, "but we have not been doing the talking." Now Mr. Ford speaks his mind about it. He believes the proper development of Muscle Shoals will help to put our farming on a business basis, and give us a supply of nitrates for war purposes which will exceed the capacity of the rest of the world put together. The Ford bid is expected to reach the floor of the Senate at the next session. It has been discussed, with a display of vocal fireworks, by the Senate's Agricultural Committee. A majority of that committee, led by Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, is against it.

HENRY FORD at first did not want to talk about Muscle Shoals. "I have not been thinking about it much for a long time now," he said. "It has been a couple of years anyway since any of us have been down there. The Government asked us to make an offer; we made an offer in July, 1921, and, after consultation with the government officers, made a slightly changed offer in May, 1922.

"Everything is on record. Our bid has not been accepted, nor has it been declined. It has just been talked about a good deal—but we have not been doing the talking. We think we know what can be done with that property—and how it can be preserved as a great national asset.

"No one can say in advance what will come out of the three hundred thousand, or perhaps five hundred thousand, horse power which the plants when completed can develop. That is a great deal of power, especially for a region which now has very little manufacturing. The Ford industries in Detroit use only one hundred and twenty-five thousand horse power, and we have been more than twenty years developing to the point where we can use so much.

"There seems to be an idea that we intended to rush all kinds of factories up almost overnight at Muscle Shoals, so as to use the power and flood the country with goods. That is not business. We do not do things in any such fashion. We always move carefully. Usually we move rather slowly.

"Muscle Shoals is not an open-and-shut affair. A great many difficulties stand in the way of success. That is what makes it interesting. This is no easy chance to develop a great national asset. For, of course, as far as I am personally concerned, Muscle Shoals cannot do anything for me. I cannot wear more than one suit of clothes at once. I am held down to wearing one pair of shoes at a time. And, as for food—anyone who eats too much is soon choked up. I shall have to cut down still further on food.

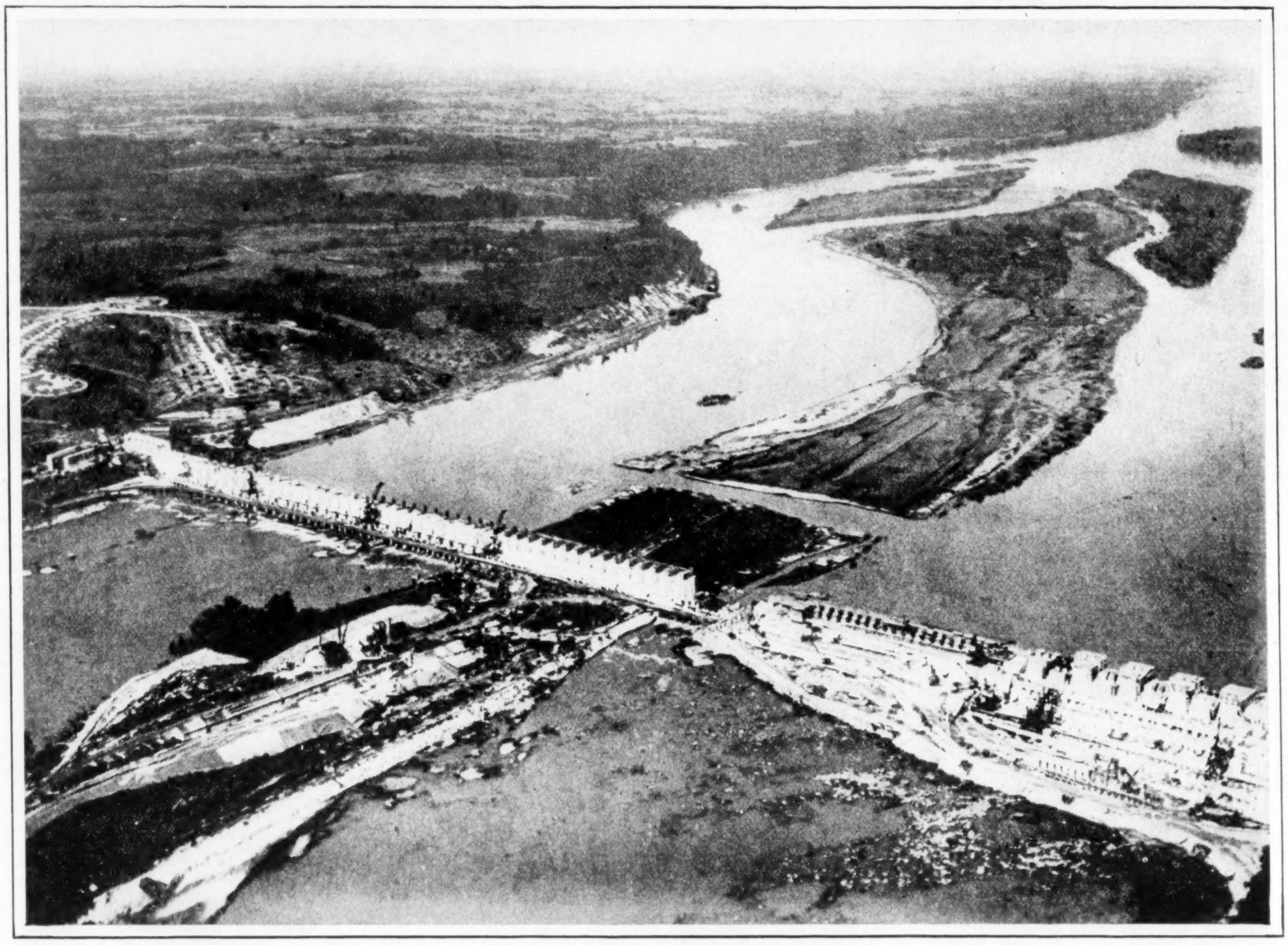
"There is nothing to do with money but send it out to work again. That is what would happen with any money earned at Muscle Shoals—but it might prove to be a losing rather than a gaining affair. However, we were willing to take our chances on that, although at the best it would have been many years before anyone could know just how it would come out. In the end it will be possible profitably to utilize all of the power. What ought to be a national asset cannot be allowed to become a national liability. At present it is only a liability. That is why something will have to be done about it.

"My interest was wholly in preserving a national asset. It is necessary to think of the whole thing in terms of money only to the end that the enterprise may not become a public charge. If a better way than we have suggested be found, then that better way ought to be adopted.

"There is so much more in Muscle Shoals than the hundred million dollars or so that has been spent. It is not just surplus war material to be salvaged in the best way possible. No private corporation would ever have undertaken so extensive a work, because the full power that can be generated is far beyond what any private corporation could plan immediately to use. Of course the investment is much larger than it would be had the work been done in normal times and at a normal rate of speed. The work was done as an emergency measure and at emergency prices. Up to date it is merely an item in the cost of the war.

"And if that were all there was to the place, then there would be no reason against selling it off as junk, just as many of the cantonments have been sold. But it seems to me that the war and what has happened since have shown that we must have an immense plant like Muscle Shoals. Possibly one could find a better site than Muscle Shoals for the plant the country needs, but since the Government has already gone so far with the work, it would be just throwing money away to salvage a few million dollars by scrapping this plant and then starting all over again to make a new one somewhere else.

"We simply must not let the work that has been done there go for nothing. Muscle Shoals is a tremendous national asset and if the country throws away the opportunity, it will not only be throwing away something which of itself has great value, but it will be throwing away the greatest possible insurance of world peace.



This great dam will hold in check a lake eighteen miles long and one mile wide

We Must Have Nitrates

"LET me explain. I am against war because war is destruction, and nothing is worth while in this world which does not make for construction. I would do anything in the world to prevent war, but I am not a pacifist to the extent of fooling myself into the belief that merely saying, 'War ought not to be' is the same as doing something to prevent war.

"A country which is attacked must defend itself. This country has proved that it is so big and powerful that it does not have to carry a chip on its shoulder. We can raise an army of any size. We can develop our war power beyond anything that has ever been known, and in the interests of peace it seems that we shall have to do so.

"The world does not seem to be tired of war, in spite of the fact that everybody lost and nobody won in the last war.

"People are still thinking that force, and force alone, is important and they are going to go on thinking that way until a force appears which makes the biggest forces they can muster trivial by comparison. No amount of conversation about war will do anything toward preventing war, excepting when the parties concerned are afraid to fight. Being just is not difficult, provided you want to be just, and technical justice may be very different from real justice. When a large nation meets with a small nation, justice is only what the big nation says the little one may have. International justice is very apt to be power balanced against power, instead of right balanced against wrong."

"Do you think then," I asked, "that war is inevitable?"

"No," answered Mr. Ford. "War is not inevitable. It can be prevented, and that is where Muscle Shoals comes in. The last war showed that the next war is going to be won in the air and with high explosives. All the nations are working on these two points. We here in the United States can easily learn to build the best airplanes in the world. There are no more problems in an airplane than there were in the automobile. We have not given airplanes a thousandth part of the attention that we have given to automobiles.

"We thought we could learn all there

With a Big Stick

Muscle Shoals, He Says, Can Be Our Greatest Possible Insurance of World Peace

was to know about airplanes in a few months, and we made a great many mistakes. But also we learned a great deal from our mistakes. A man working on a new subject has to make a great many mistakes. We can find out how to make and to manage anything that is mechanical. Training air pilots is another matter.

"But the point about airplanes is that in making them we do not have to go outside our own country for any of the materials. We are lending some of our ground at Dearborn for an aviation field and putting up a hangar for experiments with all-metal planes and airships, and we intend to give the aid of our own people in working out the best and most economical forms of airplanes. They can be commercially developed as soon as they are taken up in a commercial way. As soon as we know as much about them as we do about automobiles—and that will not be long—then they can be built by the thousands or by the millions.

"Explosives are on a different basis. We must have the nitrates before we can have the explosives. Where do we get our nitrates? From Chile. And how much do we control of them?

"The Chilean nitrate output is almost wholly controlled by non-Americans. In peace our farmers pay for their nitrates what a group of international financiers say they shall pay. Running up the price of nitrates is poor, petty sort of business. The combination controlling nitrates could earn ten times as much as it now earns if it set itself to selling nitrates as cheaply as possible. But just think what it might mean to us in war to depend on a country thousands of miles away for our explosives. This country, as far as war is concerned, is a helpless monster unless the Chilean nitrate beds are open to us and unless we can keep an open shipping lane down the Pacific Coast.

"When the war came on, we found that we had to have a nitrate plant of our own. We had to have it for two reasons: first, to have something to bargain with on the price of Chilean nitrates; and second, to have a reserve in case the German submarines became too active on the Pacific Coast. These are the two reasons why Muscle Shoals was started. The reasons are not less important now than they were during the war. In some ways they are even more important now than they were, because then we had the sea power of Great Britain allied with us. We could get nitrates if we paid the price. A time might come when we could not get them at any price.

"Everybody is going in for high explosives. A plant can be developed at Muscle Shoals which could give us a supply of nitrates for war purposes which would exceed the capacity of all the rest of the world put together. If we are prepared to produce high explosives on a scale that has never before been dreamed of, and which no one else could think of touching, then we can be a world force for good. We cannot prevent all war, but we can prevent great wars.

A Superpower for Peace

"AND if we have no great wars for a long time, the petty-larceny wars will die out of themselves. Muscle Shoals will best serve the nation if it be almost entirely turned over to the making of nitrates. Cheap fertilizer is by no means going to solve all the farmer's troubles, but it will be a step toward putting some part of farming on a business basis. It seems providential that what will help us most in war will also help us in peace."

"But does not all this," I asked, "involve setting up the United States as a kind of superpower, and isn't that dangerous?"

"The United States is already a superpower," answered Mr. Ford. "But that is not a danger. There is a tendency to mistake disorganization for democracy. Some people are so afraid of the misuse of authority that they are afraid to grant any authority—which is a big mistake. In business we find it best to grant complete authority and to interfere only when the authority is abused. Great wealth is not so likely to be ill used as is small wealth, and so it is with authority. In our own company we find most of the abuses of authority and petty injustices among the straw bosses and the foremen. The justice which begins at the top sometimes gets distorted on the way down. All other considerations aside, it is simpler and easier to be just than it is to be unjust, and the busier a man is, the more responsibility he has on him, the less leisure he has to be unjust.

"It is the same way with nations. The United States is so big and so busy that it cannot be petty. It can be trusted to be a superpower. It takes more courage and will power to keep out of war than to go to war. Any fool can fight, and only fools do fight—wise and strong men keep the peace. This country ought to be able to keep the peace.

"And then there is another reason. This is the only nation in the world which is not run for the benefit of financiers. We put making things ahead of finances—which is as it should be. In other countries big banks dominate everything. No industrial corporation in England has resources approaching those of the largest English bank. On the Continent the banks are everything. Over here it is different. Counting the railroads, we have at least a dozen corporations which are much bigger than the biggest bank. In Detroit the banks exist to serve the industries, not the industries to serve the banks. And throughout the country we find this same situation nearly everywhere.

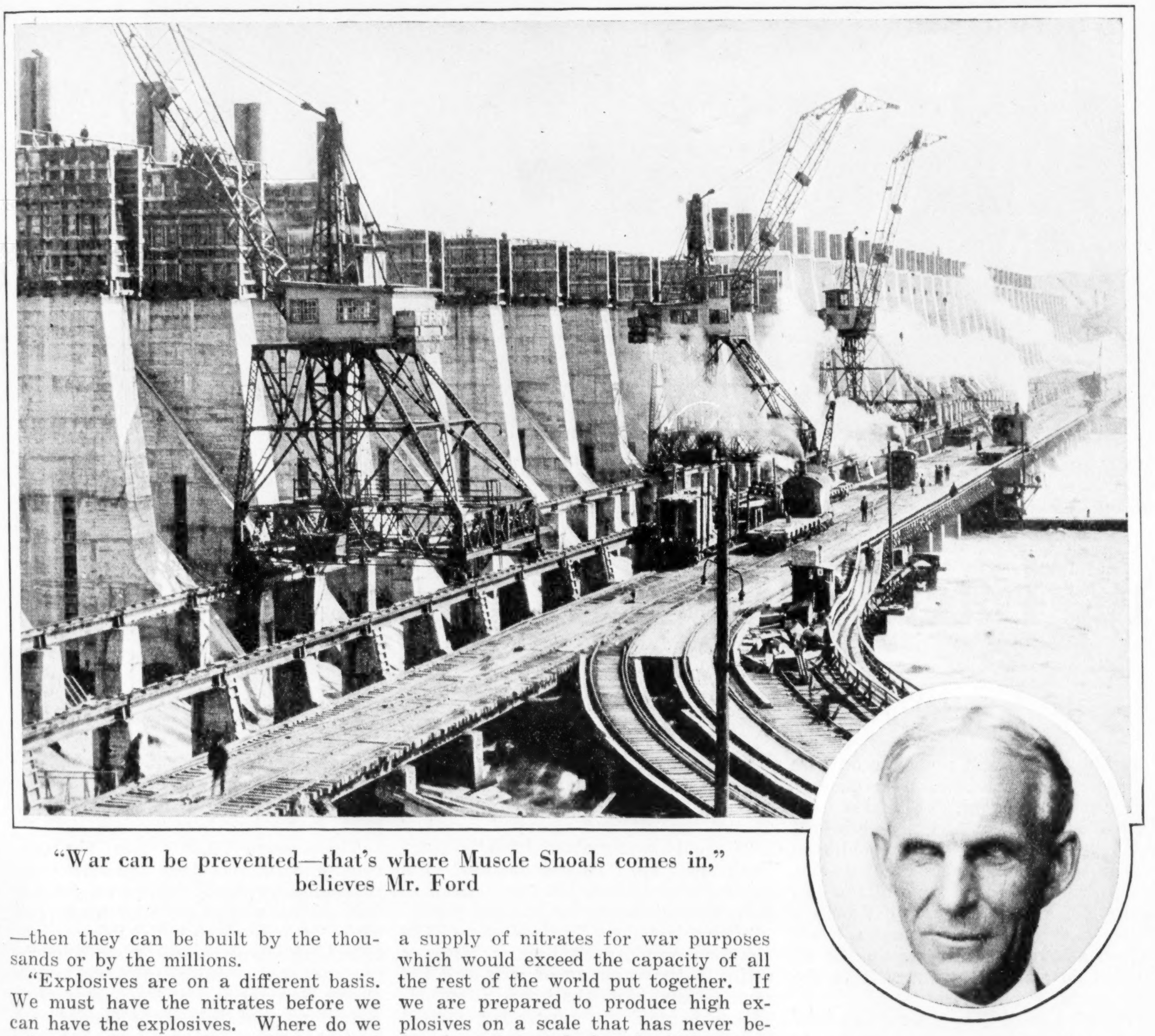
"This means considerably more than it appears to mean. The banker is trained to deal with things that have already been produced. The industrialist is trained to produce. If we chain a banker to an industrialist, we have something which is neither banking nor manufacturing and which tries to capture markets instead of serving them. We have some of this spirit here and there, but the total is insignificant. Our greatest corporations in foreign trade make their way by giving more or better goods for the money than the other fellow does. No one who does his work well has to bother trying for a monopoly. Those who do not do their work so well create a natural monopoly for him.

"And hence American business, at home or abroad, seldom tries to kill off competitors. The queer combination of banking and business which sometimes goes under the name of business stirs up bad feeling which results in war by seeking to capture markets and shut out competitors. The home market is our chief concern and we do not have to go concession hunting into foreign parts. We have no temptation to make war for trade purposes.

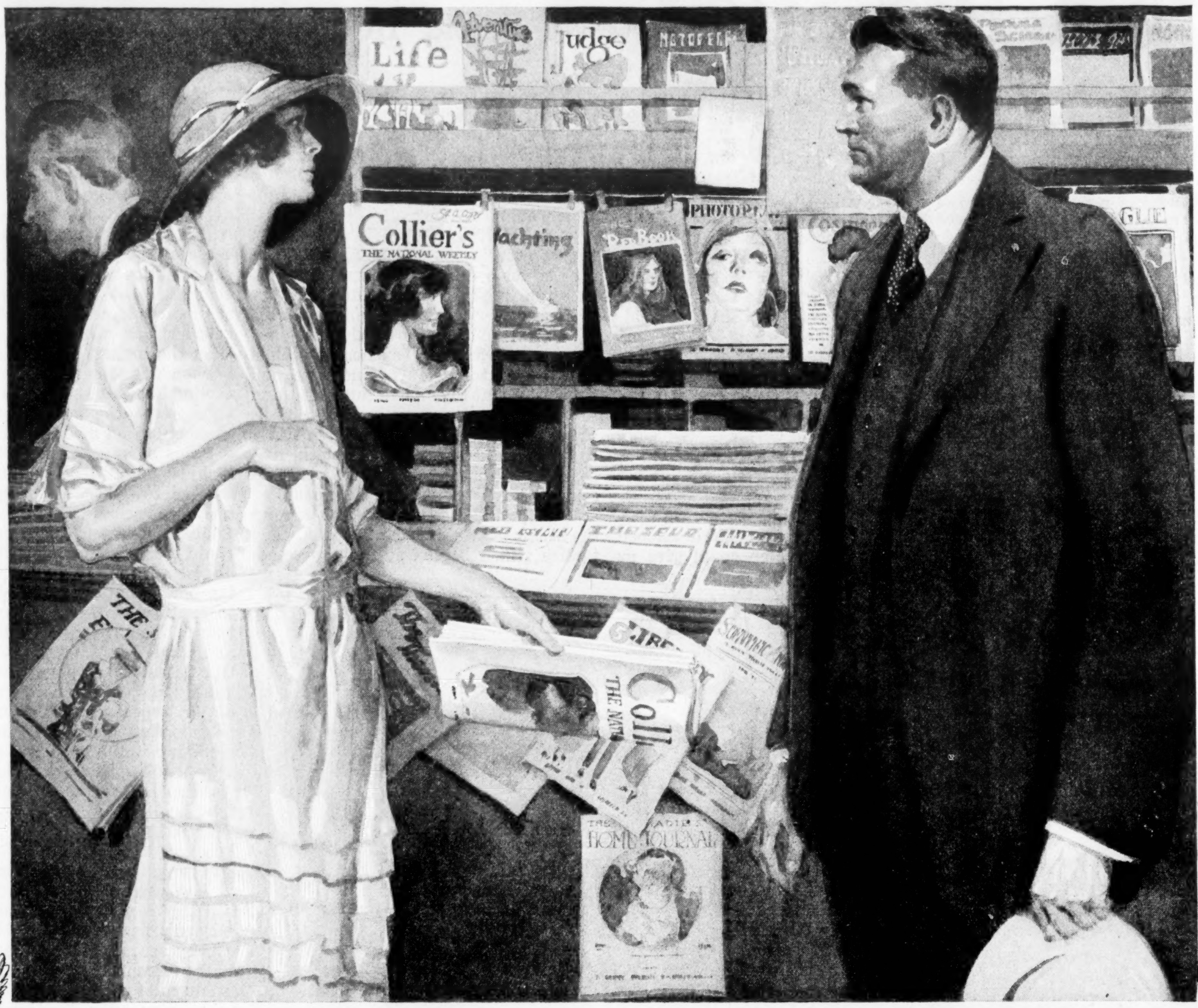
"But, what is more important than anything else, this country still preserves in large measure its pioneer spirit, the spirit which is always searching out and finding something new and which will never be content just to take what others have made. We have no hereditary class distinctions and no class barriers. The man who does not go forward seldom has anyone but himself to blame.

"Our government and its policies are on the whole about as good as we ask them to be. We are raising our standards every day. No people other than our own would have kicked up such a fuss over what the investigations in Washington have shown. The worst evidence that has been turned up concerns actions which in many countries would be taken as a matter of course. They expect their politicians to act that way.

"These investigations would scarcely have been started even in this country twenty or thirty years back. We shall have nothing to fear so long as political rascality is exposed. When we get to covering up our bad places, then we shall be in danger. That time is far distant—we are insisting on higher standards in everything. We have a long way to travel before we can be wholly proud of our standards, but at least we know there is somewhere to go. We have not merely kept our ideals—we have improved them. We are on our way to Lincoln's sort of government—government of the people, by the people, and for the people. And therefore this country can be trusted not to abuse its power."



"War can be prevented—that's where Muscle Shoals comes in," believes Mr. Ford



Illustrated by Frank Godwin

"Oh, Mr. Andrews," says she. "I wanted to see you a minute. Gerald wants to quit"

The Lady-Fussin' Blues

By Jonathan Brooks

I GOT the blues. No kidding. I mean the blues, not my second-place athaletes, heroes of four straight over McGonigle's Goliaths, owners of Jocko Jones, the celebrated hard hittin' ham-handed first sacker; second baseman Weatherby, the top-shelf kid; Plug Brown, the popeyed pitchin' fool, and so forth. Not these Blues, but the lady-fussin' blues. Who wouldn't have, even if he was managin' a ball club up in the dizzy heights of second place?

T. Everett Simmons, oil millionaire and owner of the club, is to blame. He's got more oil wells than Ty Cobb has base hits, and he'd go farther to win a ball game than Tris Speaker can go for a fly ball. Especially if that ball game is with Jim McGonigle's million-dollar Goliaths. He'll fight like a taxi caller to whip 'em. Goofy, or like a fox. When I see we're drawin' four times as many people as we used to in sixth place, before he bought the Blues, I figure he's crazy like a fox. But when I see his latest stunt, I mark him down only crazy.

He pulled it just after we closed a long stay at home by trimmin' McGonigle four straight and takin' second place by one game. Oh, I tried to stop him, but what can a manager do with an owner? Other clubs have done it, and can do it again, far as I'm concerned, but for me and my club—not any more, never! When the old man gets an idea in his head, like this one, or finishin' second, or beatin' the Goliaths, you couldn't pry it out with a jimmy. Certainly my tongue never budged a notion outa his knob. So all I could do was to announce it to the boys in the clubhouse.

"Boys," I said, "The old man is doin' sumpin for us again. He asks me to say that he has chartered an extra special car for the road trip, and will pay for hotel rooms and meals, and so forth," I said, slow. "He's gonna carry all the wives of all the players on this trip, at the club's expense."

"Great stuff," laughs Jocko. He's been married less'n a year, to the old man's daughter. "That was my hunch."

"Good gosh!" says old Otto Schwarzheimer, who plays right field sideways like the crab he is. "Been with my old woman all winter. Why can't I have a vacation?"

"Yeah, but how about us single fellahs?" asks Irish O'Connell, left fielder. "Where's any advantage for us in that?"

"Good chance to get honeymoon trip cheap!" yells Jocko Jones, and the gang gives Irish the razz. He's famous for fussin' 'em all, and marryin' none.

"I should worry about Irish," Skinny Buck pipes up. "How about me? I'm not married either, but my sister has been keepin' house for me six years."

"Bring her along," says Jocko. "The old man won't split hairs. Wife or actin' in the capacity of wife—all the same to him. And that's not all either. The old man's a card. He invited Weatherby's girl to go along as a guest of himself, Mrs. Simmons, and my wife. She's goin'. The top-shelf kid's tickled to death."

THE whole layout made me sore. Bossin' a ball club is a tough enough job. Handlin' a couple left-handers is worse, but even that don't start with towin' a bunch of women around the circuit. For my part, I never yet saw one I thought I could manage, let alone a dozen or so. The fight, what I mean, was on.

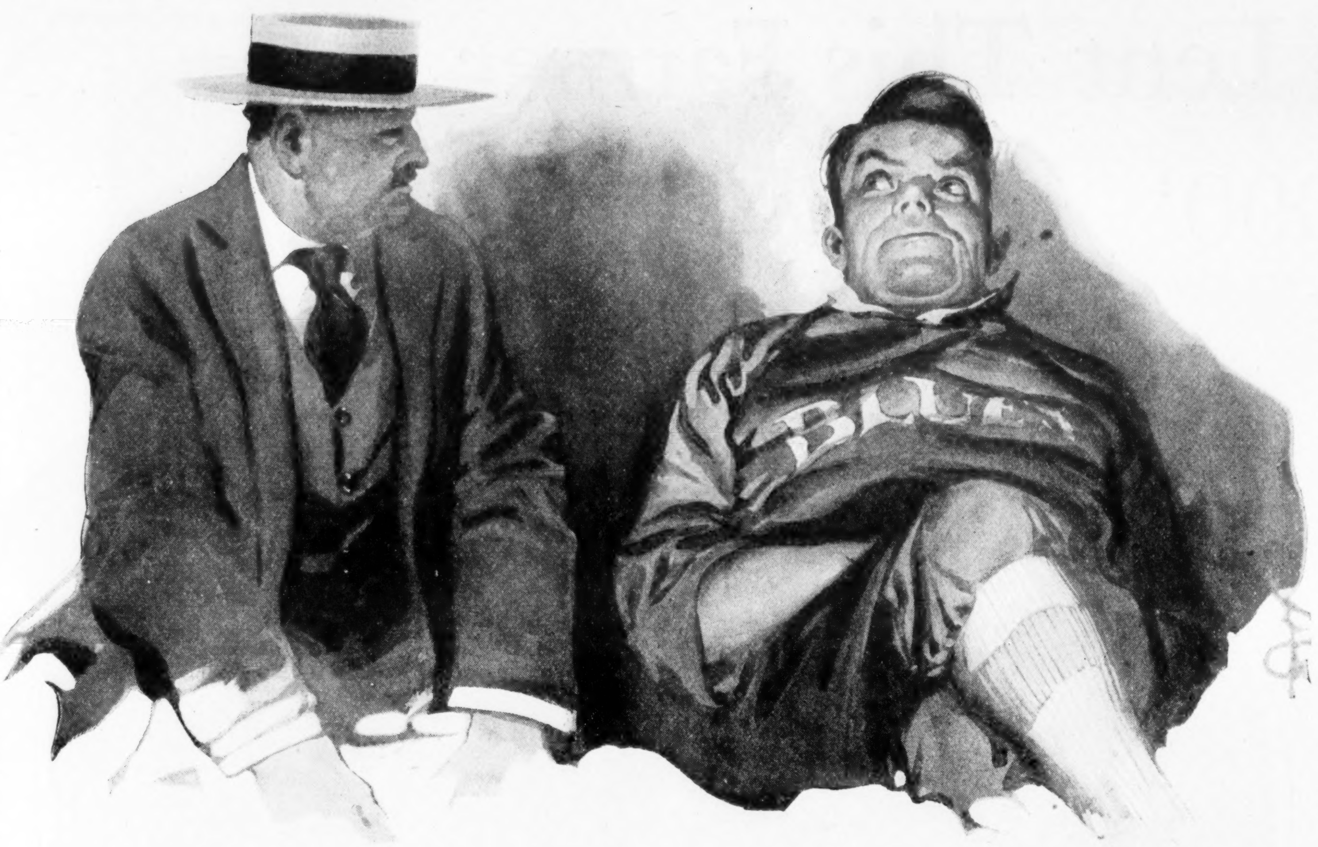
"If I was you," says this big ham-handed Jocko Jones, "I'd lay offa the old man a while. He owns this club, and he cert'nly knows his oil."

"Sure, he knows his oil," I said, "and he made millions out of it. But that is no sign he knows mine. Why, my gosh, look who's here!"

There came Plug Brown, the popeyed pitchin' fool that tried to enter the Kentucky Derby before we got him wild about a woman, who made him settle down to pitch ball. Brown come to us with a long record of bad behavior from Barney's gang, in a trade for Monty Sawyer and $7,500 last spring. Before we got him straightened out, he lost four games for us. But he's just got credit for four in four days over McGonigle because my other pitchin' went blooie, and he looks like he might be worth a million dollars.

"Jocko," I said, in a whisper, "did you fix it up for another unmarried woman to come along with us?" Looked to me like we were startin' on a joy ride. Before Jocko could answer, Brown come up.

"Mister Andrews," he says, "Meet the wife. Milly—uh, Mrs. Brown, this is Bill Andrews, the manager of our club"—and he stuck his chest out a foot. Looked all around to see if ever'body give him credit for grabbin' off this nice-lookin' gal.



Old man Simmons sat down beside me. "Whatsa matter, Bill?" he asked. "Too many women," I said

"Glad to meet you, ma'am," I said, "and I congratulate Plug. Uh—when did it happen? This is a surprise."

"Yeah," grinned Brown. "We got tied up the night before that first game I win from the Goliaths. Yes, sir—and, say, Bill. I've appointed her my manager, see?"

"Oh, I see. Well, that takes some of the responsibility offa my shoulders," I said, laughin' with Jocko. "Mrs. Brown, I hope y'll be a better manager for him than I've been."

"We intend to stick to business," she said, very seriously.

"Fine," I said, rememberin' how for six weeks I'd had half the ball club actin' like a police force to get and keep the popeyed Plug outa trouble. "That will be a big help to the Blues."

WELL, we all got aboard. Old man Simmons made us a speech, remin'in' us that we had second place in our grasp, with a one-game grip, ahead of the Goliaths. Followin' the talk, we had a social session, at which ever'body got acquainted.

Plug Brown's wife seemed to go pretty good. Also Skinny Buck's sister, Delilah, who he called Lilah. I noticed, first off, that Irish O'Connell fell for her, and no wonder, for she was easy to look at, and easier to talk to. One of these girls that always has a word to contribute to help out a guy which is short on conversation. Not that Irish needed any words. If that bird was as free with base hits as he is with language, he'd lead the league every year. In no time at all he had her off in a seat with him, tellin' her all about baseball.

Jersey Day's bride of less than a year made a hit, bein' one of these little, blue-eyed laughin' kids that has to look up at every guy who's more than five foot three. Popular, mostly with the fellahs. I'd say she give Jocko's wife, who was Dorothy Simmons, the old man's daughter, a close run. It looked like a merry party, as such things go, until I saw the way Miss Ada Ruth Montgomery was takin'. Or rather, not takin'. She's the girl Gerald A. Weatherby, the top-shelf kid from college who plays second base for us, is engaged to be married to.

Miss Montgomery was an ash blonde, with deep blue eyes and a straight nose which turned up about one-sixteenth of an inch at the tip. Mebbe not that much. The corners of her mouth turned up about the same, so's she looked like she was gonna smile any minute. And if her looks hadn't of made the other women jealous, her clothes would have.

"She can't help her good looks," I whispered to Jocko, "But she'd oughta brung some simpler clothes. The other girls will be sore."

I noticed that Mrs. Day kinda gave her the frosty eye, and that none of the other women fell for her hard, if at all. I begun to get worried. Next morning, in Philadelphia, the social side of our little junket started to build itself up. The old man chartered two sight-seeing busses and took the whole crowd around to see Wm. Penn, and the Liberty Bell, which Plug Brown says is a ringer now, since the days of prohibition. This got him a good laugh from everybody except Irish O'Connell and Lilah Buck, who are off in one corner by themselves.

Ever'body in a good humor, we won off by ourselves that afternoon. In the evening the old man threw a movie party for the whole crowd, and we hadda good time.

NEXT day we win again, and have some more social functions of one kind and another. But the third day—well, that was the end of our winnings. Didn't think anything of it, until late that night, smokin' my pipe while the crowd was out somewhere, the guests of old man T. Everett Simmons, as usual. We'd lost by one run, and that one run, I traced it down, was due to a slow relay by Skinny Buck from Irish to the plate after a long fly ball had backed O'Connell against the fence in deep left. Told Jocko about it, when he come in with the gang.

"Any club loses a game now and then," he laughs. "You can't win 'em all."

Next day we lose again, this time by half a dozen runs because the other guys went on a hittin' spree at George MacArthur's expense. But that night I seen, in my score book, where Skinny and Irish hadn't pulled together twice. Didn't say anything that time, but the next day, in Boston, we lose again, and tumble to third place, in behind the Goliaths, who win.

"Listen, Jocko," I said, "Sumpin's wrong. The last three games we've lost five runs because Skinny and Irish are not playin' ball together."

"Mebbe y'r right," he said. "We'll have to see what we can do about it."

"Do it now," I said, "before we lose any more ball games. Listen, is anything wrong between Irish and Skinny Buck's sister?"

"Not that I know of," said Jocko. "Y' oughta go on these trips and things, and mix around a little more than y've been doin' Bill."

"Nothin' doin'," I said. "I'm hired to manage a ball club, not to chaperon parties of grown-up boys and girls. Besides, I gotta do some thinkin' some time, somewhere. You look 'em over, an lemme know."

We lose again by one run, this time mostly because Skinny Buck lets Irish go after a long fly in deep left center which Irish can't reach, but which would a' been pickin' for Skinny, who's faster. It went for a triple. That night Jocko tells me that Irish and Lilah Buck are not as thick as they was. I hunted up Skinny, and ask him whatsa matter out there in the gardens.

"Matter? Nothin', far as center field is concerned," he said.

"I'll tell the world center field is covered for the Blues," I said, "Like a blanket. But do you know, we've lost six runs in the last four games out there between center and left?"

"Mebbe so," he said. "But not in center. I'm hired to play center, Bill."

JUST then his sister, Lilah come up. "Good evening, Miss Buck," I said. "How are you enjoyin' the trip? And how do you get along with these big rough athaletes?"

"Splendidly," she says, "The married men are so nice."

"Kinda rough on you and me, the single men, Skinny," I said.

"And Irish," laughs Skinny, winkin' at me.

"You can all three stay that way, as far as I'm concerned," says this Lilah, and flounces off in the direction of the elevator, to go up to her room. Didn't see her again until next mornin' when, at breakfast, it looked like her and Mrs. Otto Schwarzheimer, a fat, dumply little woman with a red face, was havin' an argument.

Old man Simmons left his box that afternoon to come down and set on the bench with me. He was worried.

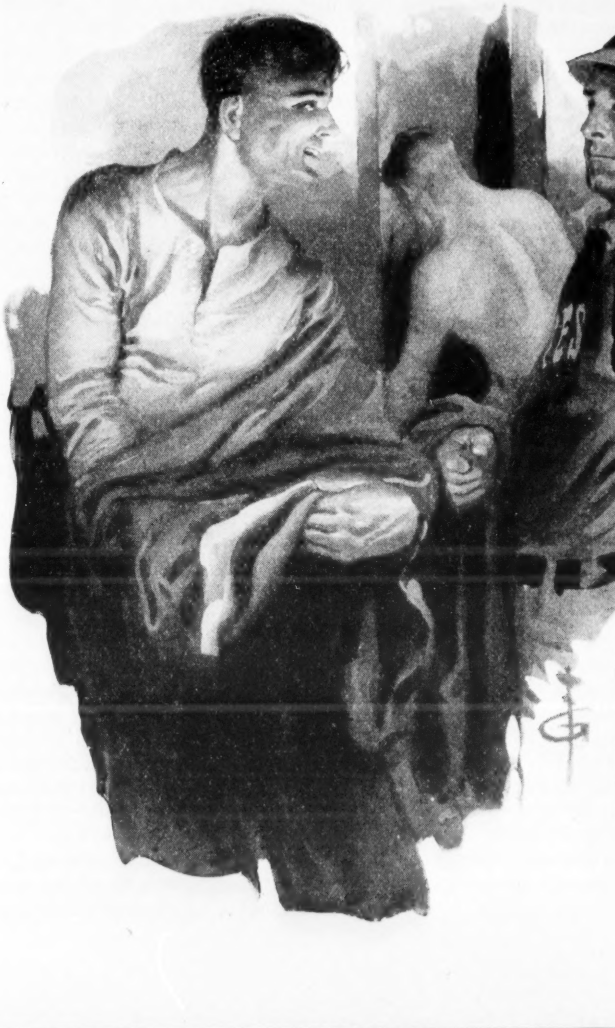
"Whatsa matter, Bill?" he asked.

"Too many women," I said.

"I didn't ask you to name your pet prejudice," he said, scowlin'. "I asked you the trouble with this ball club."

"All right, and I've named it," I said. "But to put it another way, it's the outfield. Not workin' together. Any ball club that can hit to the outfield off our pitchin' will score runs. Too many women mixed up in our outfield."

"Rats," was all he said. But we both saw another game lost to Boston because not only Skinny and Irish weren't workin' together, but Skinny and Otto the same. (*Continued on page 22*)

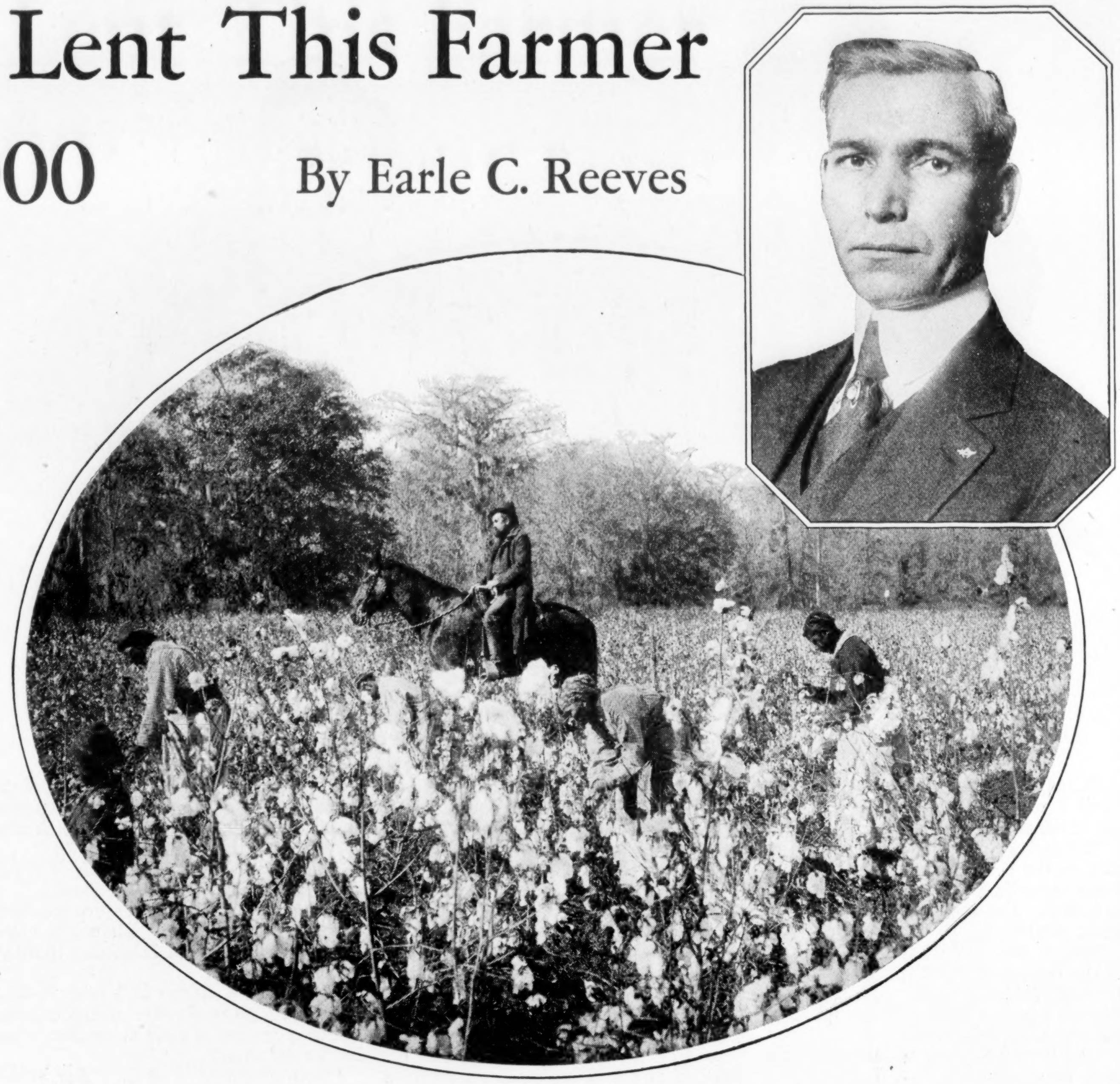


Jocko Jones laughs. "When you can't beat 'em, join 'em," he says

So They Lent This Farmer $50,000,000

By Earle C. Reeves

When Big Business wants a loan Wall Street has to listen. Carl Williams has molded 240,000 harassed cotton growers into a "co-op." It has turned over $150,000,000 in three years. When Williams asked for a loan it was "Yes, sir, Mr. Williams; just step this way"



When a farmer wrote, "My mule is dead; I have no money," Carl Williams (above) started his big job

BEAR with me while I draw two sharply contrasting pictures.

Carl Williams was born in a log cabin on a farm near Valparaiso, Ind. He smiles as he tells you that he got the start in life proper for a politician. But there was not a great deal to smile about in those early days amid the hardships that accompanied an attempt to hew a farm out of the underbrush of northern Indiana.

When Carl arrived in this world his father had a balance in hand, on a certain New Year's Day, of one big copper two-cent piece. On the following New Year's he had that same copper two-cent piece, and in one year he had neither taken in nor paid out a single cent of cash. It was a barren life. But it was the farm life—old style—that our fathers and grandfathers knew.

Carl Williams hopped a train in Oklahoma City last summer and traveled to New York. There he took the subway to Wall Street; walking east, he turned into a bank where he was promptly ushered into the office of the president. In that banking office, Carl Williams, a farmer, arranged to borrow fifty million dollars.

I tore up many sheets of good paper trying to start this story about Williams, and always those two pictures rose before me; to be followed by others that carried me across miles of farm land where the food that we eat and the clothes that we wear are wrung from the soil by labor. For although we talk glibly about what the telephone and electricity and the tractor and the radio are doing for the farmer, the fact remains that for a vast multitude, farming isn't so far ahead of the copper-two-cent-piece era as we like to believe.

Slaved Fourteen Years—Broke!

I WENT to see Carl Williams because he was the first farmer in history to ask for fifty millions—and get it. We sat with our feet to the radiator in an office high above Bryant Park, and watched a blizzard. He was on his way home from Washington, where he had been made vice chairman of a national council of all the farmers' coöperative marketing associations of the country.

He has prematurely white hair, a sturdy figure and a youthful eye; the face of a man accustomed to responsibility. He talks facts and makes you see visions. And then I began to see how he had been talking hard facts to farmers, and making them see visions; and gradually a picture grew in my mind, a picture of a gigantic struggle to lift the farmer's family to a higher standard of life.

Williams made his summer trip to New York as president of the American Cotton Growers' Exchange. He organized the Exchange. It has 240,000 members, each pledged to turn his entire cotton crop into a selling pool. It is a little more than three years old and last year its total "turnover" was $150,000,000—a tremendous, coöperative undertaking covering twelve states. And this thing is Williams's creation. He traveled 75,000 miles last year and eighty thousand new members were pledged to market their crop coöperatively, while the total business of the cotton co-ops nearly doubled.

I wanted to tell about his personal history, and he did a life sketch in condensed style.

"My people moved from Indiana to Iowa, and later to Kansas," he said. "Back in '95, as a young man, I thought I had outgrown the farm. So I went to Kansas City and became a newspaper reporter. Later I worked in Denver. I was a reporter for nearly eight years, and then turned farmer again.

"A little over twelve years ago the doctors told me I had three months to live. It took me nearly two years to get well and then it was apparent that I couldn't go back to heavy farm work. I would have to make my head serve my heels. So I became editor of the Oklahoma "Farmer-Stockman."

Undoubtedly it was that medical sentence of death that whitened his hair.

"But what caused you to start this coöperative business?" I asked.

"Partly, perhaps, my own early experience and my first-hand knowledge of the financial and social hardships of the farmer's lot," he said. "But more particularly a letter I received about a year after I took over the paper. A farmer wrote to me asking me to try to find him a new landlord. He wrote:

"'My mule has died and I have no other one and no money to buy one. Please find me a new landlord who will buy me a new mule, for the man I'm with now won't buy one. I have a Georgia Sock (a kind of plow), a cotton planter and cultivator. And tell him that I am a good cotton farmer. I have been growing cotton for fourteen years. *And I have a good cotton family too—five choppers and seven pickers.*'"

Williams paused, then said: "He didn't have to tell me anything more than that about his family. His wife and three older children and himself were the choppers, and two younger ones added make seven cotton pickers. The youngest might be three years, for they sent them into the fields as soon as they could toddle, almost. I said to myself then: 'You poor devil, you have spent fourteen years at the hard job of growing cotton and all you have to show for it is one dead mule, three farm implements—and five choppers and seven pickers.'"

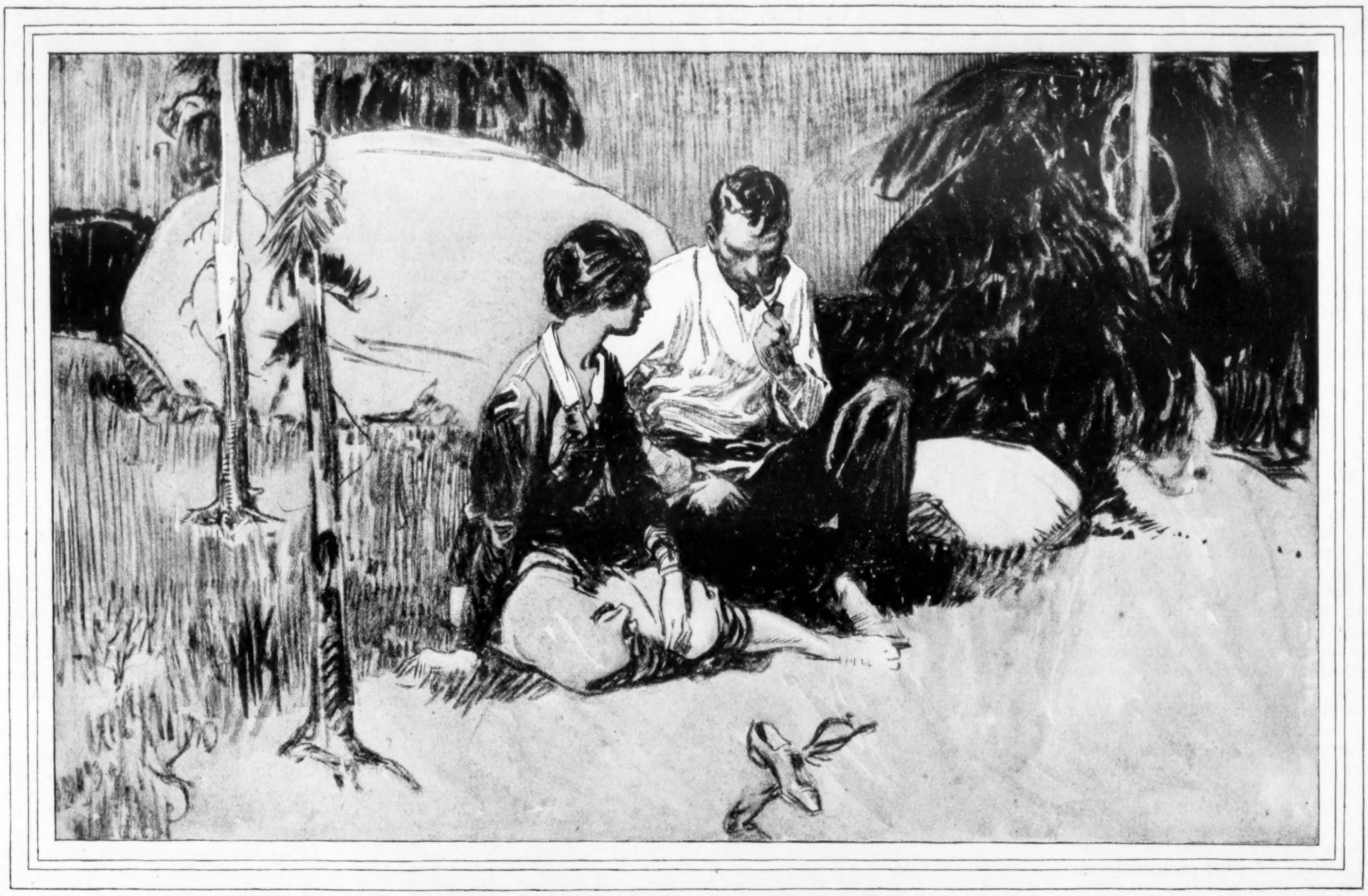
They Saved $40,000,000

WILLIAMS told this as a reporter might give a summary to his editor. He was talking facts and seeing visions. And so—by that time—was I.

"In the second issue of the 'Farmer-Stockman' published after I took it over," he continued, "I had an editorial stating the belief that some day there would be developed an economically sound system of marketing cotton—never having the idea that I would be the man to develop and organize such a system. That letter set me to thinking and studying. The condition of the farmer in the South was deplorable. He had suffered for years under a wrong system of marketing and financing.

"I followed every clue that seemed likely to lead me to a way of helping him. I think I must have read about every experiment in coöperative farming and coöperative marketing that was ever made at any time in history, anywhere in the world. Did you know that there was a coöperative farm market society in China more than three thousand years ago? It was a tremendous success for a great many years—until its leaders went into politics, when it failed.

"You can read the story of the southern farmer in the census figures if you will. In the whole of the South the average income of the cotton farmer is $275 per farm family. The whole family works to make this income. It figures out at *fifty dollars per person per year—or eleven cents a day.* Federal Reserve Bank figures supplement this story. Eighty-eight per cent of all these southern cotton farmers borrow from the bank, from the credit store, or from their landlords in order to live while growing a crop. They are always in debt, always living a year behind their incomes. They are lucky if at the end of the year they can exchange their crop for a cancelled crop mortgage and start a new year free of debt. Even when they can (*Continued on page 24*)



If he had caught fire she would have laughed; because he gave no response, she sought to awaken him

The Mountain

By Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

Chapter II

JENNIE, when her father had gone out, sat for a little while near her mother, slow thoughts moving across her countenance as the shadows of clouds cross a mountainside on a fair and sunny day. Mrs. Beard watched her furtively, watched her with that feeling which daughters so often inspire in mothers when they come to womanhood; that feeling that this girl was a stranger and a mystery, that she knew Jennie not at all. She could see dimly that Jennie's thoughts were busy, could not guess at their substance; and at last she asked:

"What are you thinking about, Jennie?"

Jennie smiled and shook her head. Her mother persisted. "The way your father acted? He's a hard man, Jennie, but he means to be good to you."

"I know," said Jennie, her head nodding like that of a flower, but her tone forbade further questioning, and Mrs. Beard left her daughter to her thoughts. Once, after a long interval, she remarked:

"I wonder where your father went?"

"I don't know," Jennie automatically replied.

After a while the girl rose and turned toward the door that led to the stair. "I'm going to bed, Mother," she said.

Mrs. Beard quickly crossed to her side, alarmed at something in her daughter's tone. "Don't be unhappy, Jennie. Don't you mind."

"It's all right, Mother," Jennie replied.

"He's meant to be a good father. Maybe he'll see different."

Jennie nodded, smiling still, and turned away; and Mrs. Beard was left alone in the kitchen. She twisted her hands together in that pitiful helplessness which is such misery, but after a moment she crossed to her chair again and sat down and busied her hands with needle and yarn. Tears, rolling down her cheeks, dropped upon her bosom, and the darker spots they left upon the fabric there were like the marks of wounds.

JENNIE went to her room, in the front of the house, into the windows of which the moonlight was streaming. There was a lamp upon her table and matches beside it, but though she paused there for a moment, she did not light the lamp. Instead she crossed to the window and stood looking out, and the moon bathed her, streaming across her bosom and down her limbs like the stroke of gentle hands.

She sighed a little, and caught her breath in silence. A whip-poor-will, yonder by the pond, called monotonously, and far off on the slopes of the Mountain she heard the low hoot of an owl. A movement by the barn across the road caught her eye, and she saw the black and white markings of a skunk in the moonlight as the creature passed with its curious, galloping gait, around the corner into the shadow. After the chickens, perhaps, but Jennie had no thought of giving warning.

The moon was calling to her. She had no desire for sleep. Her body was all awake and crying out. Her thoughts all this day had been full, remembering that sunrise hour beside the pond. She wondered now at what moment Bob had discovered her there, wondered when he became aware of her bathing in the water ahead of him. That he had seen her she knew beyond doubting yet she blamed herself now for having been afraid. He, being who he was, could have acted no otherwise; she need have had no fear.

No breath of that alarm now stirred in her. Jennie had never given her heart to Bob; no words save those which were commonplace had ever passed between them. Yet she knew he loved her; and this very knowledge had intensified in her that instinct for withdrawal, for holding back, which was birthright of her sex.

That he should love her was sweet, yet vaguely disturbing, awakening in her a faint alarm; that she loved him, had she admitted it even to herself, would have made her deeply ashamed. The unthought thought that if they loved they must draw together had deterred her from admitting her love. The possibility that he might discover her, bathing in the little pond, if it had occurred to her beforehand, would have awakened in her heart a lively horror.

But to-night, in retrospect, she found strangely sweet the knowledge that he had seen her there; the certainty that he had seen her stirred in her breast that rapture which women find in self surrendering. She had been all this day full of happiness; she was far too happy to sleep to-night.

After a time she became conscious of this fact, became conscious that she had no desire for sleep. She had begun to lay aside her garments, but her movements were slow and reluctant, and by and by they ceased altogether, and at length, without conscious resolution, she found herself lacing up her shoes again. Her mother was stirring, somewhere in the house, making ready for bed. Her father had not returned.

Jennie went to her door and listened, and at length she started slowly down the stairs. It occurred to her that if her father returned he would lock the door, barring her out, but she put the thought aside. The emergency, if it should occur, could be met when the need arose.

She went through the dark kitchen and out of the door, and the moonlight received her as the still waters of the pond had received her that morning. She walked in it, upborne by it, her feet scarce touching the ground. Without intent or decision on her part she crossed the road and passed the glaring new barn and went down through the orchard toward the little pond. Beyond the orchard the friendly birches welcomed her.

THE night was very warm and full of odors; the moonlight was white as silver. When she stood still, she was like one of the birches; when she moved, it was only as though they swayed a little in some breeze which failed to touch the earth. She picked her way among them, and her hair was dappled in moonlight, and in the folds of her skirts pools of blue shadow lay. Before her she saw the silver sheet of the pond and a little stirring of air came from its cool surface toward her as she went forward.

She came, by chance or by unconscious design, to the little sandy beach where she had bathed that morning; and when her feet touched the sand she stood rooted, looking out across the water, peering into the dark shadows under the further shore from which the bulk of the Mountain still barred the light of the moon. But where she stood the moon fell full, revealing her. She must have been visible to any eye across the pond.

She must have been visible to a nearer eye, for of a sudden she heard a low sound as foot touched sand, and she turned and saw Bob coming toward her in the moonlight along the beach.

She tried, but could not wish to flee; so, very still and tall, she waited for him to come to her. . . .

THE moon was still so low that the slope of the Mountain on the southwestern side was in darkness. Nevertheless Beard, when he left the road, knew the way so well that he went surely, climbing the stone wall and threading his way across the sloping pasture land, among bowlders which broke through the thick turf, each gathering around itself a clump of low, tough juniper. A birch growth lined the path on the north.

Beyond the pasture he tore his hand slightly on the single strand of barbed wire which ran along the top of the wall, and as he pushed on through a grove of young birches he sucked at the wound, and the taste of his own blood had a curious effect upon him, stimulating him so that his pulses quickened. The dead lower twigs of the birches switched his face; he realized suddenly that he was moving more swiftly than there was any need, and he slowed down by force of will, protecting his face with his elbows.

Where the birches gave way to a growth of young hardwood saplings no more than an inch or two in diameter, the steeper climb began. The earth tilted up before him; now and then his foot struck a naked rock. The saplings offered hand grips which he utilized, pulling himself upward. Then these in turn gave way to spruce and pine, well grown, the fallen trunks of trees which had been smothered by the thick growth littering the slope about him.

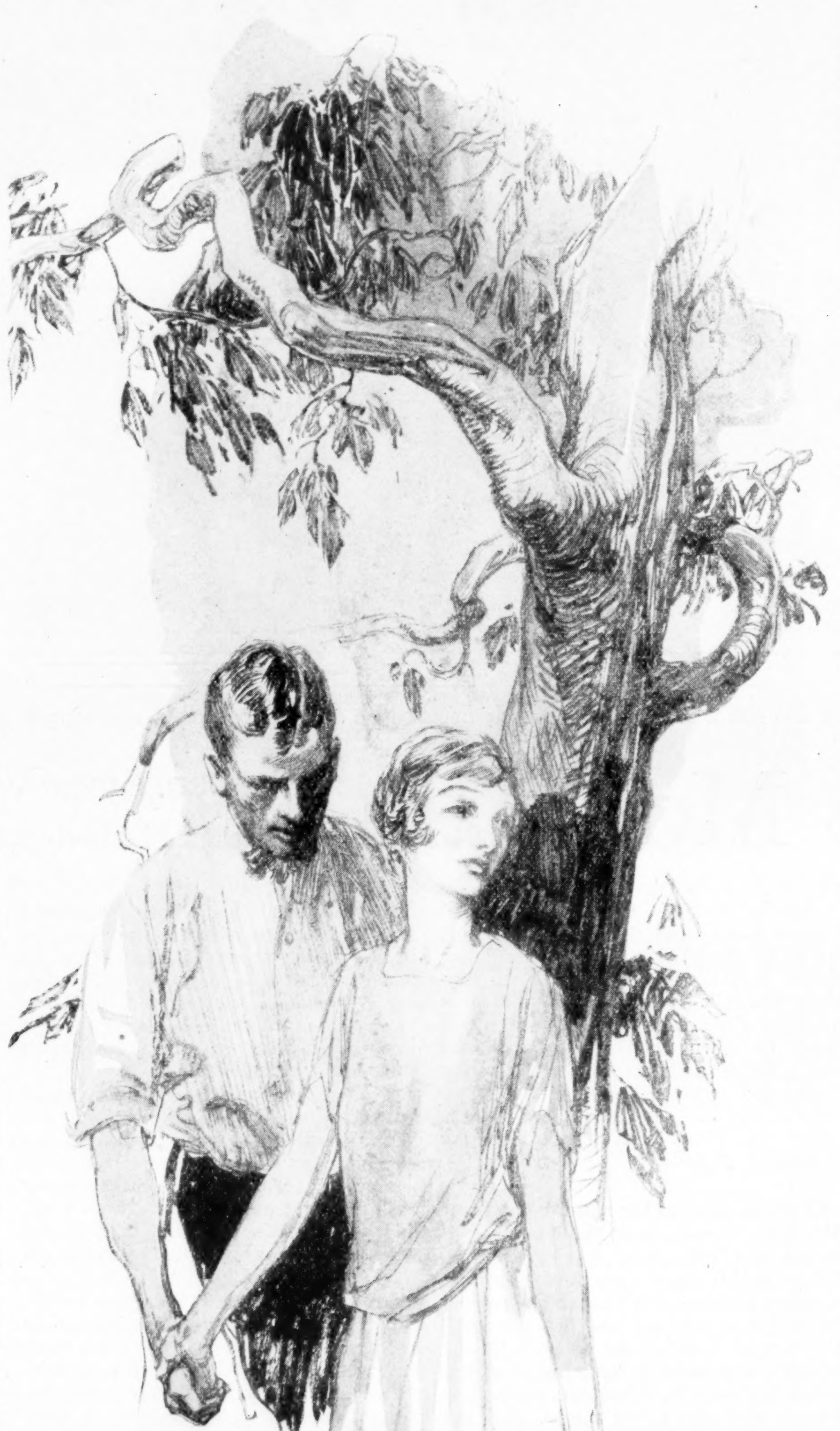
Once his foot rolled on such a fallen tree and he fell on his face, and when he came impatiently to his feet it was to press upward at an accelerated pace. His heart began to pound and his forehead was wet.

It was very dark beneath the thickly intermingled branches of the spruces. His eyes, accustomed to the darkness, nevertheless but dimly discerned obstacles in his way. He had long since lost the faint path. It was not more than a trail at best, and not a dozen times a year did any foot come this way. He kept his course now simply by pressing upward. The slope, he knew, was even and continuous, the pitch always the same, like that of a steep roof. At every step his foot, to gain a new hold, must be lifted almost to the height of the other knee. He might almost have gone on hands and knees, but it was necessary to protect his face and head with one arm, so that he could not do this.

Once or twice he blundered into a thicket of young spruces and backed out again and tried to round the thicket, and once he found his course completely barred by such a growth and knew that he had strayed far to the right, away from his objective, and had to force his way upward through the young trees, the skin on his hands and face scratched and torn by tiny branches. The ground beneath his feet was blackness absolute. Overhead he could dimly see that the sky was illumined by the moon. When it should strike this slope the going would be easier, but there was still an hour to wait before that time, and he could not wait.

Once he found himself against the foot of a ledge, and his groping fingers discovered no hold above his head, so that he had to detour again to make his way upward. But he went grimly on, certain that so long as he continued to climb he was on the right track. The light forward and above him became a little more perceptible; he could now see the solid trunks of trees in his path, and by and by he discovered the silver touch of the moon on a tree top above his head, visible through a rift among the branches.

Then the pitch of the slope eased and flattened out and he emerged into the streaming rays of the moon, filtering almost horizontally beneath the hardwood growth atop the Mountain. He had come to the crest at a point well along toward the southeastern end, the steeper slopes forbidding any ascent nearer his farm. It was necessary for him now to follow along the level, parklike crest toward the bald shoulder where the blueberries grew. Save for an occasional clump of black growth, the summit was covered with hardwood, oak and beech and maple of a certain maturity. There was little underbrush; he walked easily, moving where he chose without hindrance.



Her voice faltered. He was so near her that she could hardly speak; but he said huskily: "Jennie!"

This calm and peaceful progress was delightful after the blind labor of the climb. He crossed a swale like a saddle on the ridge and came out into an open space which the moon filled with light and from which, if he had chosen to look, he might have seen the lowlands for miles to the northeastward, bathed in moonlight, with little pricks of yellow here and there from the windows of a farm or from the street lamps on the road near East Harbor—might have seen Wilder Pond, three miles long and half as wide, gleaming like silver in the valley at his very feet.

But Beard did not turn his head; he was intent—he was always intent on his immediate purpose—and blind to his surroundings.

By and by, the trees thinning ahead of him, his eye plunged forward into a bottomless gulf of light and he knew that he was nearing the crest of the knob and the end of the Mountain. He broke through the last trees and looked down along a rocky slope a hundred yards or so toward where the blueberry bushes began. His warning sign to trespassers revealed itself, stark as a skeleton in the moonlight, a little to one side. A warm summer wind swept across the knob, and he found it grateful and soothing.

For a moment he stood in the border of the woods, looking out across the bald shoulder of the Mountain. There was such beauty in this moonlit night that it made, even upon Dave Beard, some faint impression, but he put this aside, remembering his errand, and moved a step forward. If—this was the fear which had driven him—if by any ill chance his rifle bullet had done hurt here, the person hurt must be near his warning signpost.

He advanced in that direction, but while he was still half hidden among the shadows of the wood, he was halted by the voice of a woman. The words were indistinguishable, spoken in some liquid, alien tongue, but the tone was one of unmistakable fury. There was such a lashing anger in it that he was faintly startled, and stood stolidly, looking toward the spot from which the sound had come.

In the shelter of a clump of cedars, which may have offered some protection against the warm wind, he perceived the woman. Her movement caught his eye as she came first to her knee; and then, unsteadily, to her feet. He could see her quite clearly, for the moon fell across the upper half of her figure, silhouetting her; and he had an instant and surprising certainty that she was beautiful—not with a beauty of the countenance, for this he could not see, but with a deeper beauty, inherent in line and contour and movement.

She called angrily to him again; her very tone was an epithet. And with something the demeanor of a guilty boy, ashamed of what he had done, he emerged into the full light of the moon.

She was, at the moment, still berating him, but when she had full sight of him, her words ceased in mid flow and he thought she caught her breath. Then she seemed to sigh a little, and then to laugh softly; and at last she spoke to him in words he could understand. Her tone was completely changed; her voice was full and rich and fruitful.

"Oh, pardon," she said to Dave Beard. "I thought you were that pig of a Luigi!"

Dave stood in dull wonder and incomprehension. The woman watched him for a moment; then said with an imperious movement of her head: "Come here!"

He went forward then, slowly, through the fantastic unreality of the moonlight; and the woman waited for his coming. . . .

JENNIE met her lover on the strand beside the little pond. If she had not expected to find him there in the flesh, yet must she have known that if she went there his spirit would be with her. It was perhaps this which drew her to the spot, this certainty that his thoughts must have turned all the long day, as hers had, to the little sand beach beside the pond where that morning he had surprised her. She must have known that his thoughts would be here to-night, if not his body.

So she had come to a spiritual rendezvous, her lips parted, her heart tremulously full of that dear and happy knowledge which the certainty that he had seen her

(Continued on page 28)

There's Honor Among Gunmen

By Charles W. Wood

Is there joy in the business world over a reformed criminal? Jobs for the man who wants to run straight are hard to get and to keep, but by exacting a promise of loyalty by a gangster to the leader of the gang "Marshall Stillman" has found a way by which the upper- and the underworld may trust each other. A hundred gangs have joined the movement.

United Newspictures

"Bring Your Gang Around," said Alpheus Geer

I MET a Human Engineer the other day. He is a lover of law and order, but he doesn't let this passion interfere with his engineering. He is an illogical sort of person. He is dealing with criminals in New York's underworld, and he is operating upon a most illogical theory. He discarded all the logical ones simply because they didn't work. His name is Alpheus Geer.

Alpheus Geer used to be a reformer, but reforming didn't work, and he gave it up. Then he founded the Marshall Stillman Movement. "A reformer," says Mr. Geer, "is forever trying to make other people go *his* way. The Marshall Stillman Movement is trying to help men find *their own way.*" That may sound a bit cryptic just now, but listen.

"I wanted to do something to stop crime," Mr. Geer told me, "but I didn't know how. I wasn't thinking of the loss of property involved. I was thinking of how *human life is wasted in following a life of crime.* Murdering is worse than being murdered. Stealing is worse than having one's property stolen. I wanted to save boys from stealing and killing if I could, but I hadn't the slightest idea how to go about it. For I didn't understand criminals, and it is of no use to try to deal with forces whose nature you do not understand."

So Alpheus Geer went alone into the toughest part of New York. Soon he made friends in the underworld. He made friends through not making any demands upon them. He learned their way of living through not trying to extort a single confession. We do not hide ourselves from persons we are not afraid of, and the underworld did not hide itself from Alpheus Geer.

It was a good deal of a puzzle, at that. Sometimes there would be a gun fight on the streets, and some boy of seventeen would be mortally wounded by a member of an enemy gang. The dying man would be rushed to a hospital, and the murderer, caught almost red-handed by the police, would be brought before him for identification. The boy would face his murderer with a blank stare, confide to the police that he never saw the face before, and roll over and die with the lie upon his lips.

Why? Because they were gangsters of the underworld, and gangsters do not confide in the police. Their loyalties are elsewhere.

The Gang Leader is the Law

ALPHEUS GEER, let me explain, has no criticism to make of the police system. Nevertheless, these things had a meaning to him which they could not have to the police. The police are out to detect crime, and the only way organized crime can be detected is through the use of stool pigeons, spies, and double-crossers. Double-crossing is the unpardonable sin of the underworld. Up above, where agreements are set down in black and white and are subject to review in court, it is not necessary to be so finicky about one's spoken word, but in the underworld one's word to his gang is everything.

But this loyalty, wasted as it might be, struck Alpheus Geer as a fine thing. Alpheus Geer thought it over. Then he founded the Marshall Stillman Movement.

"Marshall Stillman" isn't a person. It's a name which Mr. Geer drafted for the occasion. The initials "M. S. M." were appropriate too. They might stand for "Men Serving Men," and the idea might be applied especially to men who were wasting their lives in crime. If the upper world could only make friends with the underworld—if it could reach out to it in a genuine spirit of service—would not the underworld react as it does not react to the police? At any rate, Alpheus Geer decided to experiment.

The idea worked—worked in the very heart of New York's underworld. It worked with thieves. It worked with thugs. It worked with gunmen. The Marshall Stillman Movement has been in existence only five years; but already there are hundreds of former "enemies of society" who have now become its friends, without "reforming" and without breaking from their old associates or violating any of their allegiances.

"Loyalty," Mr. Geer explained to me, "is the most precious of human virtues. I told you I used to be a reformer, and I used to try to get boys whom I did not know—boys perhaps just out of prison—to give up their old associates and promise me that they would go straight. I learned eventually to have no faith in such promises, for there was nothing in their background to make such promises to me inviolate. But if these same boys gave their word to some of their own heroes, they always kept it. That gave me something to work on."

A more romantic person than Mr. Geer might have tried to enlist the gang leaders in a general uplift movement. But Mr. Geer was becoming realistic, and he realized that the underworld is not especially enthusiastic for uplift. But its members, he discovered, do want to get along; and, other things being equal, they would rather have a good job than be in jail. So the Marshall Stillman Movement set out to see if it couldn't find some jobs.

Employers, be it noted, do not like to hire thieves. But Mr. Geer found some jobs for men who would not ordinarily be hired on a bet, and he gave his guaranty to the employers that the men recommended by the Marshall Stillman Movement could be depended upon.

Then he found some boys who wanted those jobs like everything.

"Bring your gang around, and we'll talk it over," he said.

"The only difficulty," he would explain to the gang leader, "is the question of whether this boy will double-cross his employer. Giving his word to me isn't enough. I want him to give his word to you. I don't insist that he quit anything he's mixed up in down here, but if he promises you that he'll be square with the man who is taking this chance with him, I'll see that he gets the job."

Startling the Hard-boiled

AND when the boy gave his word to the gang, he kept it. He couldn't have done anything else, Mr. Geer explained to me, because that is where his loyalties were. The boy might or might not go entirely straight at first—Mr. Geer never got snoopy on that point—but in exactly 100 per cent of the cases he was square with his employer.

To-day some of the largest employers in New York have agreed to take on a limited number of men recommended to them by the Marshall Stillman Movement. Members of a hundred different New York gangs are active in the movement, many of them ex-convicts and some with names that are nationally notorious. The movement is now projecting a "club for gangsters," and hard-boiled New York was startled when it learned what was going on.

It is to be a club, it seems, which bad men can join. They will not be required to reform in order to receive the benefits of the club. If they are socially acceptable to their fellows, that will do, and no one will demand that they bare their lives to the scrutiny of strangers in return for the privilege of the games and baths. And yet New York business men are being asked to subscribe, and are subscribing, to the establishment of such a club. There's a reason.

The Marshall Stillman Movement is sometimes referred to as a "one-man movement" to-day. It had to be just that, for no large organization is free to make such social experiments. But Mr. Geer does not want it to remain a one-man movement. He wants the business men to find *their* way, and when they have found it he is quite sure that it will prove to be the way of Men Serving Men.

Crooks Reform Themselves

FOR serving men pays, says Alpheus Geer—only you have to do it in a spirit of service, and not in a spirit of pay.

"And you don't make any efforts to reform them?" I asked.

"It isn't necessary, for one thing," he answered, "to say nothing of its being useless. One man can't reform another. At least I have never seen it done. Nothing but a man's own warm, human enthusiasms can reform him; when you once get those kindled, he reforms himself.

"People don't like the life of crime, you know. They may follow it when they have not been initiated into any other, but in the lowest depths of the underworld their real natures are not expressed in criminal acts. Their real natures are expressed in their loyalties, in their devotion to their fellows, in their comradeship unto death with others who, like them, are hunted by society. We don't stop until we have initiated them, as far as their own vision enables them to go, into the joys of a life of service. We don't try to go further than that; but when a fellow gets started under his own steam on the path of service, depend upon it he isn't going to stop."

"How do you know what kind of crooks you are dealing with?" I asked. "You say you don't exact a confession."

"How does anybody know," Mr. Geer countered, "what kind of a crook he is dealing with anywhere? Everybody is crooked toward enemies who are hunting him. It is only when you make friends that you can be sure of anything.

"Between three and five billion dollars are stolen, in one way or another, in the United States every year. Crimes of violence in our largest cities have become a world scandal. But those who are still able to think calmly should remember that violence does not dispel violence any more than victory does away with war. I am not a critic, understand, of our penal system. While crime exists, we must have police and courts and punishments. Nevertheless the problem of crime cannot be settled except by the realistic application of human love."

A Second Helping of Parents

By Harold Cary

No matter how fine an orphanage is, a real home is finer. The best we can do for a child who has lost his parents is to place him with the right kind of family and let nature take its course. States that don't realize this will learn something by noting how Massachusetts does it. There's Toby Clark, for example. He catches lobsters on Cape Cod and doesn't even know he's an orphan.

TOBY CLARK was three years old when his parents died. Of course he missed them, and for a few days he cried and asked forlornly for them. The first night he spent in the home of a neighbor, where he was told his mother and father had "gone away." The second day a motherly person took him on an adventurous trip.

Photo Publicity Studios

The happy little girl (above, right) is being brought up in an orphanage (good of its kind) where little girls are allowed to wear hair ribbons besides drying the dishes and licking the cake bowl. The other little girl is still in the first stages of loneliness, while as for the boy who is getting over an illness in his tenement home—well, what do you think of the boy?

That night he slept in an ordinary family home in Boston. He stayed for a week or ten days, playing around the kitchen, having his meals with another boy, making mud pies, living a normal life, not unlike the one he had left.

Toby Clark was technically an orphan, but being an orphan in Massachusetts is mercifully different from being an orphan in some of the other states. I found that out when I went roving to learn how we Americans are treating the children who by death are deprived of ordinary family care.

Two weeks ago I wrote in these columns about the continuous threat of the orphan asylum which hangs over my own child because he lives in a state (New York) which sends three out of four dependent children into cold institutional life, which the educators and psychologists agree is bad. How unnecessary it is can easily be proved by citing the experience of Massachusetts.

There they realize that orphans are made by officials, not by fate, no matter what the dictionaries and law books say. In Massachusetts, for fifty years, a technical orphan has not been an actual orphan—not unless confined in an institution for safe keeping. The six thousand children whom the state government takes care of because they are technically orphaned, neglected, or destitute, are *foster children.* They have been equipped with a new set of parents.

I was interested in the case of Toby Clark because I knew him after he had been supplied with a new home. In the fortnight after he was left alone in the world several older persons came to talk with him, but he did not know that he was being examined to see whether or not he was normal mentally.

Of course he did not like very much his first experience with the doctor who poked shiny instruments into his throat and nose and made a strange game out of examining his teeth. He was lucky, for his tonsils were healthy, his skin was clean, and he had no infectious disease.

Then Toby and the kindly matron who had been mothering him for a few days went down to a wharf to board a fine boat. Before evening he had joined a family of three, composed of a woman I know, her husband, and another child who was then about five years old. They live on Cape Cod.

She's a "Portygee" woman, a little over fifty, I suppose. She has had nineteen children of her own. Her husband fishes for a living and likes his home. She often does washing for the neighbors, and in addition to income from this she receives three dollars a week for Toby's board and three dollars for Toby's older foster brother. Although Toby himself does not know it, his own father was a laborer who was making precisely the same kind of home that his foster father has made. Toby fitted without a wrench into the sort of environment he probably would have had.

And you ought to see that kid and his new brother thrive! Of course the three dollars a week hardly pays his board, but Granny, as the children know her, was lonesome after seeing her own brood grow up. That's why she took a "state child" or two.

Toby fishes and goes lobstering, and he's getting fine marks in the public school. When he earns money by selling lobsters or doing an errand, he puts most of it in the state savings bank, against a day when he will need it more. And that's the life of Toby Clark. It's normal and human. He isn't made to feel orphaned. He does not realize that the woman who comes to see Granny two or three times a year is inspecting his home and noting his physical condition.

And Toby isn't a special case. He is one of about six thousand orphaned wards of the state government. These six thousand have bank deposits of more than $50,000. Of one thousand girls in this group—a cross-section, fourteen to eighteen years old—nearly half are still in school, although the child-labor laws would permit them all to work. The percentage of the boys of the same age who are in school is nearly as large, according to James E. Fee, director of the state bureau.

It costs the state an average of $210 a year to keep each of those children. It is the cheapest possible way to care for them. The feeble-minded go to institutions, and that costs more.

We can truthfully say Massachusetts has abolished the orphan. There is, of course, no law which prevents a private body of people from maintaining orphan asylums, and for this reason there are a few to be found, all of which, like those in other states, very much dislike to be called institutions and insist that they are as homelike as possible. Nevertheless the Massachusetts taxpayers are not forced to support a worn-out system, as they are in virtually every other state of the Union.

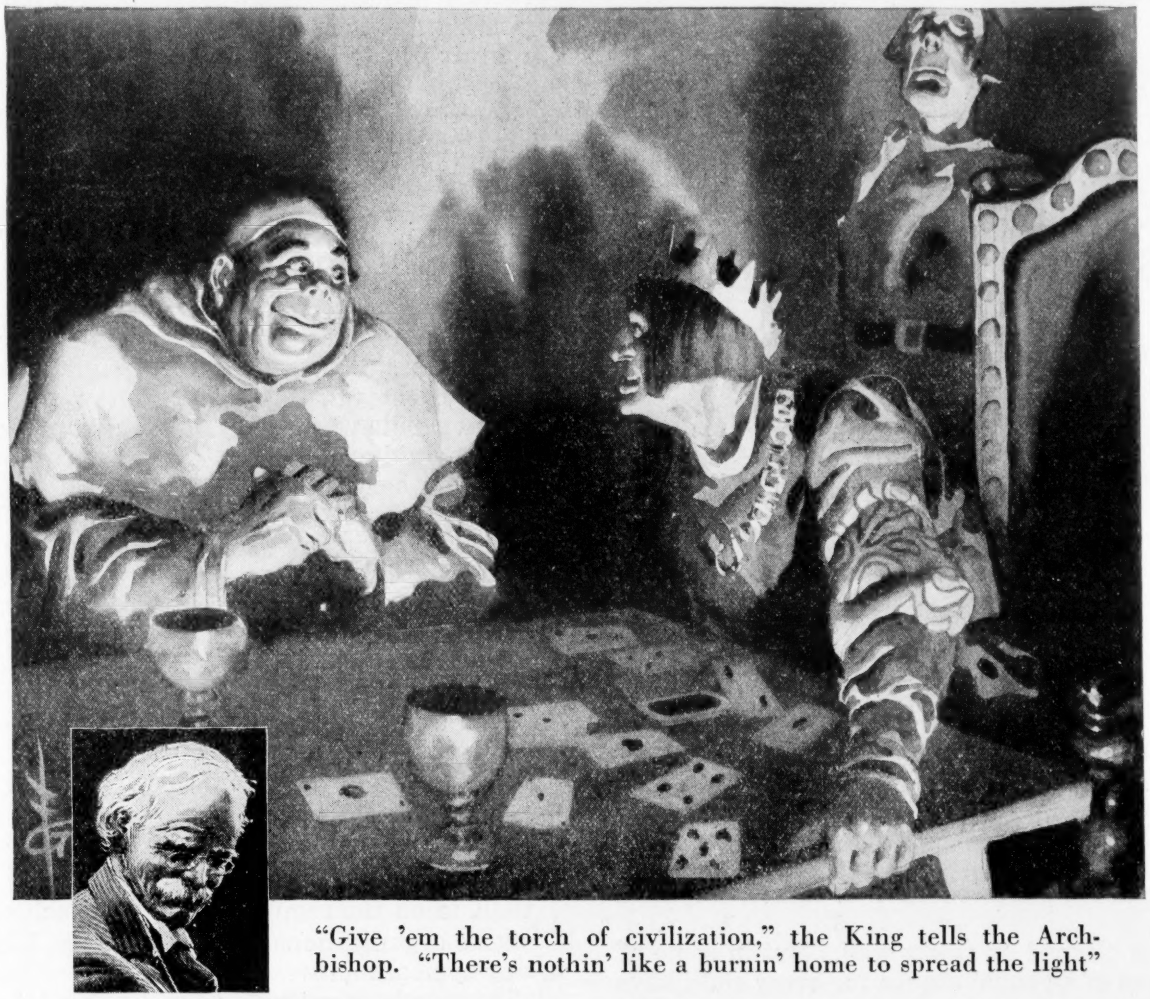
But as a matter of fact when you have abolished the orphan you have still on your hands a terrific problem. You must handle "the problem child." The humane Massachusetts system which regards the child as an individual, which believes that he has a right to an individual home, meets the same kind of difficulties in handling children that you and I as parents must face every day.

You have among dependent children as a group great problems intensified by the origins of the youngsters. There are very few Toby Clarks in the United States, boys or girls who are full orphans in the

(*Continued on page 25*)

The Comeback of Erin

Uncle Henry Says There's No Boss Like an Irishman, He's Seen So Much of It at Home



"Give 'em the torch of civilization," the King tells the Archbishop. "There's nothin' like a burnin' home to spread the light"

"WHY in time don't them Irish settle down an' quit fightin'?" exclaimed Mr. Stubbs in some exasperation. "They've got everything they want, haven't they?"

"That's the trouble," said Uncle Henry. "Think if somebody put a stop to baseball here in the United States? Or made 'em issue newspapers without comic strips? What would you do with your afternoons? After a people have lived a heel an' toe existence for seven hundred years, never knowin' where the next bullet was comin' from, you can't expect 'em to quiet down at once, an' find complete expression in the stereopticon an' cottage organ. Once I knew a man by the name of McCarthy who had the lion tamin' job with the old Forepaugh show, an' he was always complainin' about the monotony of it. Said if it wasn't for his home life he didn't know what he'd do for a little healthful excitement.

"It wasn't always so, 'Lonzo. Back in the beginnin', Ireland was a land of peace an' plenty, with one king to each inhabitant, a hundred hams drippin' on your coat even in the parlors of the poor, an' a university in every back yard. Yessir! The Irish were an educated people, able to take a book or leave it alone, when the English were eatin' their meat on the hoof an' the Dutch still had web feet. Their one vice seems to have been the harp.

They Wrote Home for Flannels

"EXCITED by these reports of prosperity, invaders came down an' for long, unhappy centuries about the only chance an Irishman had to relax was when he buried himself neck deep in a bog, tryin' to get forty winks before risin' to meet some new army of conquest. When he wasn't fightin' he was assimilatin', an' judgin' by our own experience, I don't know which was hardest. Sometimes not more'n a handful of Irish would be left, but inside of a generation the sons of the invaders would be talkin' with a brogue an' urgin' immigration laws to keep out undesirable foreigners.

"The Scandinavians were the first to start the rough stuff, landin' in Ireland about 795 an' burnin' all the monasteries by way of protest against the higher education. Seein' 'em now, 'Lonzo, only dangerous to dishes, you wouldn't believe the way they used to act. But the sea wolves met their match in the Irish. In a sharp, decisive battle lastin' three hundred years, Brian Boru beat back the invaders, that is, such of 'em as hadn't married, settled down an' sent home for their heavy underwear, an' again the dove of peace returned an' took a chance on county fairs an' the daily elections. But jes' as the Irish had cleaned up all traces of the invasion, except the blue eyes an' red hair, along came the English on one of their errands of regeneration."

"I thought England always owned Ireland," said Mr. Stubbs.

"No indeed," replied Uncle Henry. "It wasn't until 1169 that Henry the Second won the island at solitaire. 'How about my hereditary possession?' he said, layin' down the cards an' turnin' to the Archbishop of Charing Cross. 'Is it true that the Irish have got quite a bit laid by?'

"'I've heard so,' replied the archbishop, rubbin' his hands in an ecstasy of religious fervor. 'The bank statements this last month showed a highly advanced state of sin.'

The Wallop of a Christian

"'AH, WELL,' said His Majesty, 'I suppose the only thing to do is civilize 'em. The moral responsibility is plain, an' never shall it be said that I took my hand away from anybody else's plough. But who'll we send to take the sharp edge off of our welcome, an' accustom the heathen to our mild an' beneficent rule?'

"'How about the Normans?' suggested the archbishop. 'Only the other day they were complainin' that they hadn't had any civilizin' to do since the Saxons gave out. They're a rough lot, anyway, an' it won't hurt the neighborhood to get rid of 'em.'

"'The Norman it is,' cried gallant King Harry. 'Give 'em the torch of civilization, an' tell 'em not to worry about applyin' it. There's nothin' like a burnin' home to spread the light.'

"Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, was sent for an' took the work of salvation on a percentage basis. Now, the Normans had the advantage of steel union suits, not to mention shoes, but the Irish fought with a fury that made the earl send back word that they must have given him the wrong address. 'Where do ye get that heathen stuff?' he wrote. 'They pack as fine a Christian wallop as I've ever seen.' King after king hurled more Normans into Ireland, an' after a few centuries the cries for help died down, an' when Henry the Eighth put his head out of the window one mornin' he couldn't hear as much as a groan.

"'Civilized at last!' he exclaimed, turnin' to whichever one of his wives it was. Send a messenger over at once for the good news, an' strike up the hautboys, for we are pleased.' The courier hit Ireland on the jump an' asked the first man he saw where he could find Sir Denis de la Bourque.

"'Do ye mane Dinny Burke?' answered the native. 'That's him over there with the pipe in his mouth, but I wouldn't be after goin' near him if I was you. 'Twas only last week he kilt a furriner.'

"The Irish had assimilated the Norman's jes' as they had assimilated the Danes, an' it was the Pierces, Fitz Maurices, Geraldines an' Desmonds that led their fellow Gaels against the armies of Elizabeth. The Virgin Queen was about the only English ruler that got much good out of the Irish campaigns, for she used 'em to keep the ranks of her favorites thinned down. Any time she lost her taste for one, she sent him off to Ireland with a clap on the back an' a hearty 'Glad to have metcha, earl.'

"Hundreds can't beat back thousands forever, 'Lonzo, an' in time Elizabeth laid waste the entire island, destroyin' everythin' that might sustain life, an' James the First confiscated the whole of Ulster, parcelin' it out to Scotch an' English who might not have Irish tenants or even associate with the natives under pain of death. Where they made their mistake was in overlookin' grass an' roots. Half the population starved to death, but enough were left to take up the work of assimilation.

"The whole trouble with the kings an' queens was that they weren't deeply religious, as they pretended to be. Half the time they got tired of killin' an' called it a day when the sun was still an hour high. Oliver Cromwell was the 100 per cent Christian that never put down the sword as long as there was any of the Lord's work to do. Descendin' on Ireland with a great army, he ravaged the land, killed most of the population, sold the rest into slavery, an' sat down murmurin' that that was another chore chored. Three or four natives managed to hide in the bogs, however, an' in a generation the sons of Cromwell's soldiers could speak nothin' but Gaelic.

"I reckon William of Orange gave the Irish their hardest nut to crack, for when that sturdy Briton, Godert de Ginkel, got through spreadin' the gospel of religious freedom, he turned Ireland over to the Dutch, French Huguenots, Brandenburgers, Prussians, an' Swedes. You know what it is to assimilate a Swede. But the Irish did, an' in a little while were once again a united race except when it came to elections an' gettin' boys on the fire department.

Abroad He's at Home

"THEY'RE a great people, 'Lonzo, furnishin' the world with everything from rulers, policemen, an' poets to names for Jewish prize fighters. But why wouldn't they be? Instead of havin' only one stock to draw on, every race has contributed somethin' to 'em, so that the Irishman is never a stranger except in Ireland. No wonder he begins sayin' 'we' before the boat docks, an' by noon next day has yielded to the importunities of his fellow citizens an' is runnin' for mayor. Within a month from the broken treaty of Limerick, Sarsfield was a marshal of France, the O'Donnels were dukes in Spain, the O'Neills an' O'Farrells counts an' governors in Portugal, the Taafes, McGuires, an' O'Kelleys counts, barons, an' chamberlains in Austria, an' O'Briens were callin' the Czar by his first name."

"Why don't they go back to Ireland now?" insisted Mr. Stubbs.

"Maybe they're afraid that the United States isn't ready for self-government."

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States' Rights or Children's Rights—Which?

THE enemies of children are getting busier than ever. They lost their fight on the passage of the Children's Amendment in Congress. They hope to prevent ratification by the states next winter. To that end they are raising a howl about bureaucracy and states' rights and the horrid danger of giving Congress the right to say who shall work and who shall not. They don't want child labor abolished; they want to keep their child slaves.

Editorials are beginning to appear in the newspapers, editorials so much alike that they betray a central source. Letters written to the papers by well-meaning persons contain the same statements, often in the same words. The propaganda is working. Collier's, which has led the fight to set the child slaves free, has received such letters, and because they evidently come from readers who are honestly disquieted, they deserve an answer.

Nobody but the bureaucrat loves bureaucracy. We don't like to increase the powers of the Federal Government, or to take away any of the rights of the sovereign states. But the ugly fact is that there are states which can't be trusted in this matter of child slavery.

Most of the states have cleaned up fairly well. But in some of them opponents of the creed of an equal chance for every child have been strong enough to prevent the passage of laws against child labor.

These states are the shame of America; they keep our standard lower than that of nine other nations. They have had years and years in which to make their own laws. Now it's high time that laws were made for them.

Furthermore, even in some of the states where the laws are right, enforcement is wrong. Local influences and local politics interfere. Federal enforcement is needed.

The whine that "only a few children really labor" just plain makes us mad. An attempt is made to discount the number of child laborers—1,000,000 at least—by saying that most of them work on the farms, and "under the direct supervision of their parents." The most cruel child slavery is that of commercialized agriculture—where little children work in gangs for long hours under a broiling sun, topping beets, picking berries or cotton. It is true that the parents are often responsible; they hire out the labor of their children with their own. The average American farm parents can be trusted to do what is right by their children. But, unhappily, sovereign parents, blind to all but self-interest, cannot be trusted any more than sovereign states. The nation must protect its children against the greed of grown-ups, whoever they are.

No one has ever proposed, or ever will, that boys and girls be kept from doing chores, or carrying papers after school, or doing any part-time work that is healthful. It is simply silly to picture —as one newspaper does—a daughter saying to her mother, "I have read the law and I refuse to incur the danger of prosecution by helping wash the evening dishes." Does anyone imagine that Congress and the Supreme Court would ever interpret the amendment in a spirit contrary to the American tradition that every youngster ought to help his folks and learn what work is and what money is for?

No, of course not. The Children's Amendment is going to pass because that tradition has been made a cloak for the vicious practice of putting children to work at hard labor, eight and ten hours a day, every day, denying them their right to health and play and schooling. That is the real issue. Those who are trying to hide it are either liars or dupes.

Where the Trouble Begins

WE HAVE before us what seems to be a typical letter from a candidate for a political office in a certain state, asking for the support of an influential citizen. Friend Candidate says: "I am a deeply grateful man, and, if you will help me in this fight, I shall never forget you."

Isn't that the real trouble with politics in our democracy? Your practical politician is always a grateful fellow who never forgets his friends, with the inevitable result that when he gets in office he is in a fair way to lose sight of the public interests in his zeal not to forget his friends who put him there.

At the bottom of most graft scandals is a simple-minded politician who tried to remember his friends.

Burning Up the Gas

DOES the country burn more gasoline per mile on bad roads or on good roads? Let each one answer this question out of his own experience. The prevailing answer is, on good roads, of course.

Now, the price of that gasoline depends largely on whether the oil producers shall have guessed rightly the size of the year's demand. If they guess too low, there is not enough fuel to make all the automobile wheels go round, and up goes the retail cost to cruel heights, amid a scramble. If they guess too high, it is some of the hapless oil companies that go up, and the depression, like as not, produces a shortage that hits the automobile tanks next year.

All last spring raged an argument whether the producers had guessed too high or too low for 1924. Those who bet on a high demand pointed to the huge output of new cars, and let it go at that.

Here is an argument that they neglected. It is the good roads argument. The country, which had at the beginning of 1919 about 300,000 miles of surfaced roads, has now something like 400,000. Federal aid helps build about 10,000 miles a year, and a great mileage in addition is built without it.

Lay the way, and the automobiles will use it. And they will need lots of fuel.

By Getting Together Folks Go Ahead

LOOK in on the regular Thursday lunch of one of these business men's organizations such as Kiwanis, Lions, Rotary, or the like, in any typical mid-western town.

The members gather on time with a lot of joshing good fellowship, but the chairman gets close attention as he starts their brief program. As they repeat the pledge to the flag they mean it. Any speaker with something real to say is sure not only of keen ears and live minds but also of helping hands, of a general willingness to take hold when something needs to be done.

Of course any incidental bunk or blah stuff hurts the Superior Souls of the anti-Main Street novelists very badly. No matter.

What matters is that in these meetings a lot of the average people of our country in building up community good will and good sense are thus achieving a sound and active public opinion. Our country's politicians and lawyers and officeholders used to lead in that work. If now they have ceased to do so, then others will do it, are doing it.

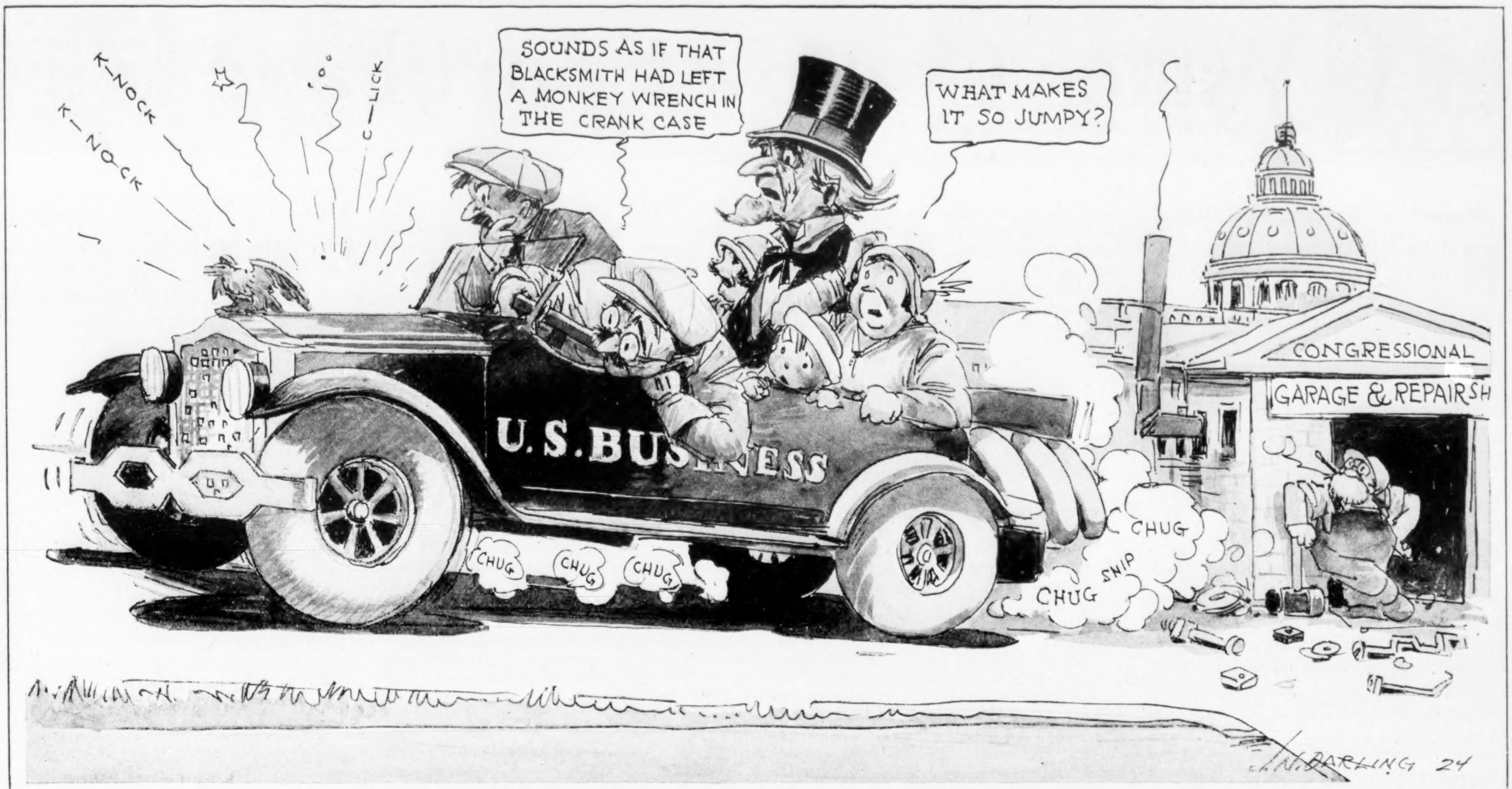
One way or another the United States works along toward being more of a community.

The New Age of Courtesy

"MOTHER," questions Arthur anxiously, as he comes home from his first high-school dance, "it *is* right for the man to go downstairs ahead of the lady, isn't it?" "Aunt Esther," Dorothy wonders, "ought I to put out my hand first when somebody famous, like Professor Digmore, is introduced to me?"

The satirists are having lots of fun with the new keen interest in good manners, but a more encouraging or pleasant sign of the times could hardly be discovered. The truth is, Americans realized suddenly and regretfully that something very precious departed with the old-fashioned courtesy. To-day "gentlemen of the old school" are no longer caricatured, but copied. Children have begun to curtsy, and little boys gravely hold their mothers' chairs for them. People genuinely want manners now, and so manners will be acquired.

Of course the axiom that politeness springs from kindness is as true as ever, but psychologists tell us that the best way to gain a quality is to assume it, whether you have it or not. One can't always feel gracious, but it is possible usually to behave so, with a little practice—and it's surprising how such practice improves the world! Yeats wrote wisely in that "Prayer for My Daughter" when he exclaimed: "And may her bridegroom bring her to a house where all's accustomed, ceremonious!"



The darn thing was running first class until that garage hand tried to tinker with it

Wisdom Teeth

THE late Major Harry B. Butler, of the United States Public Health Service, who died last year, asserted that by looking at a child's mouth he could tell exactly its school rating.

He examined a group of eighty children, and graded them in accordance with a carefully worked out scientific rating based on the state of the teeth, whether or not the tongue was coated, the condition of gums, etc. He then got from the teacher a list of the ten best and the ten worst scholars of the group. The group with the highest mouth rate showed an average scholarship of 83.4 per cent, while the low mouth group showed average scholarship of 72.33 per cent.

Dr. I. H. Goldberger, assistant director of educational hygiene, Department of Education of New York City, can also tell, by looking at the mouth of one of the city children, whether that child attends the public schools of the city and has had the regular mouth hygiene treatment, or is dependent on getting his teeth attended to in another way. The public school child has it all over the other one.

Is your child getting this head start in the race? If not, Collier's will gladly give you the facts about mouth hygiene in the schools and aid any local movement to secure the benefits of this work. Address Collier's Editorial Extension Department.

What's the Hardest Job? This Is

THE average man works about eight hours a day, or is supposed to. The rest of the time is divided about equally, so the theory runs, between recreation and sleep.

Of the sixteen waking hours how many are devoted to thinking? Psychologists tell us that a tenth is a liberal allowance, and, in actual practice, from that down. Only a little more than an hour and a half out of the twenty-four occupied in thinking!

Thinking is one of the most difficult and trying of occupations. Were this not so, it is probable that we might spend more time at it. To prove this, try to concentrate your mind on the book you have just read; on the lecture you have recently listened to; on the important interview you have just had. Try to remember and recount to yourself, item by item, just as much as you can of the thing you read or listened to. It will tire you out. Unless you have trained yourself to the task, your mind will wander—you will lose the thread.

Psychologists recommend the cultivation of thinking habits; they recommend less reading and more thinking about what you have read and heard and seen.

"As we do this well or ill," says John Stuart Mill, "so will we discharge well or ill the duties of our several callings."

Some Deep Stuff Has No Bottom

ARCHÆOLOGISTS of great wisdom and whiskers have been telling the Sunday supplements about sundry cruel laws of the ancient Assyrians. Women had their ears or noses bobbed for certain small offenses and were fearfully punished for either wearing or not wearing veils when they should not or should. It's a sad story *but*—

No evidence is given to show that such penalties were, as a matter of cold fact, ordinarily inflicted.

Suppose some wise guy of the year 5000 A.D. reads up the laws, ordinances, regulations, rules, statutes, etc., that are supposed to govern human conduct in your town. Suppose he then consults what may remain of our present films and newspapers to find out how Americans actually acted in those ancient days of 1924.

Then he'll *know*, won't he, that nearly all the Americans of our time lived locked up in jail, and worked chiefly to pay their fines? Sure he will, but do they?

Those ancient Assyrians revered bull and had no sense of humor. Perhaps they even made some laws just to throw a bluff. Do we?

There Are Different Kinds of Ambition

CINCINNATI has just completed a new school building, the Heberle School, named after Joseph Heberle, a man who never had any schooling (but lots of education) and who spent his life driving a truck and working for better educational advantages for the children of his city. One of the biggest results of his activity was the establishment of free school books.

Joe Heberle didn't amount to much—if you consider the money he had in the bank. But he was ambitious, and his ambition was of the noblest kind because he wanted to see his city and his neighbors get more out of life. It's not so much how ambitious you are, as what kind of ambitions you have.

The Company of Trees

THE path slants into the woods past a vanguard of young pines, and slopes down into a glen lined with laurel bushes, growing between the rugged trunks of lofty trees. All about is a welcoming stillness, measured by the occasional crackle of a dry twig underfoot, or the clear call of a bird. The air is cool and spicy. And the soft light, filtered through the leafy roof of the woods, is a benediction. Here is a place of renewal. Stillness is to the life of the mind as rest is to the body—in stillness the human spirit is strengthened and restored. Health is here for body and mind, amid the spicy silence, surrounded by the poised assurance of the towering trees.

Walter Camp's Sport Page

Hornsby—A "Natural" Hitter

ROGERS HORNSBY may break Hans Wagner's record of leading the National League at bat for four years. Hornsby already has four years of undisputed rule to his credit and as the fans watch him swing for a new record this year one is impressed by the repetition of a common phrase.

"That fellow," the fans chorus, "is the most natural hitter in the game. No wonder he's leading the league."

An interesting fact about most natural geniuses is that a lot of hard work somewhere along the route has made the brilliant performer a "natural" wonder worker. When Hornsby first came to the Cardinals he could do everything but hit. It doesn't seem necessary to explain how Hornsby came to be the greatest "natural" hitter in the game.

"He's Studyin' Well"

All the Scots want from most people is "silence, and mighty little of that." When they do open their mouths and the burrs come forth considerable wisdom is also likely to emerge. A case in point concerns Stewart Maiden's comment on Bobby Jones's game in the open championship this year. A friend asked Maiden how his protégé was going.

"He's having a hard time," Maiden said and then added with evident satisfaction, "but, he's studyin' well."

All sportsmen might benefit if they could see to it that they were always "studyin' well." If your game is such that the odds are all against your making a 4 on a par 4 hole, concentrate on the business of trying to get that hole in 5. A lot of golf matches can be won with this system of "studyin' well." If you are not pretty certain of your ability from a certain position to whip a fast placement into the opposing court, then is the time to just try to get the ball back over the net. Battering one's head against a stone wall may be proof of great endurance, but no one adopting such a system gets anywhere in particular with any great speed.

The Ayes Have It

Harry Cross, sporting editor of the New York "Evening Post," recently produced a feeling paragraph that might profitably be pasted on the bulletin board of every golf locker-room in this bunkered land. In the hope of encouraging such action the paragraph is reprinted here.

"Out at Oakland Hills," Cross writes, "there is a sentence printed conspicuously on the score card which reads: 'When a ball is lost the match behind has the right to pass through immediately.'

"The lost ball has wrecked more tempers than anything else in golf. The novice cannot or will not understand why he should let a match go through when he smashes his ball into the rough. He wants half an hour to look for a badly cut remade. And at the end of a half hour he is ready to drop another ball. The lost-ball pests are increasing so fast that it may become necessary to police the courses with patrolmen."

Is there a motion before the house to decorate Mr. Cross for having written that paragraph?

The Sense of Pace

One of the outstanding reasons for the brilliant success of the Yale crew this year has been Al Lindley's amazing sense of pace in setting the stroke for the men behind him. It is a gift that all the great men of sport possess. Bobby Jones has so magnificent a sense of pace as to make his most brilliant shots seem ridiculously easy. An Earl Sande or a Tod Sloan on the race track paces his mount so that there is no motion that is lost, no effort that is a futile expenditure of energy. When Joie Ray runs, legs, arms, body, heart, and lungs work in complete harmony for a common goal. Any man who can learn the secret of pace, the pace which destroys both frantic struggling and lazy indifference, will find the key which will release all the power that is in him.

Bobbie and Jess

Golf may be an old man's game, but two youngsters in their early twenties have written their names in the record books as the greatest medal and match play golfers of the day. Bobby Jones is the greatest of the medal play stars with a lead of 17 strokes on the field over a stretch of five championships and two seconds and a first in the last three open tournaments. Jess Sweetser, the national amateur champion in 1922 and the runner-up in 1923, is the most glittering of the match play stars. With only one match lost out of ten played in the last two amateur championships Sweetser has a right to the king's seat among the amateurs. With a field to go through that included Jones, Evans, Hunter, Gardner, and Guilford, Sweetser has known even a rougher road to the top than Sarazen has in traveling to two straight victories in the professional championship.

The Babe's Headpiece

"Why isn't there at least one sane person writing about sports," Lute Slavens writes, "who can give us an accurate measure of Babe Ruth's ability? You fell into the common fault recently when you declared that Ruth deserved the diploma conferred upon the American League player voted the most valuable to his team in 1923. Ruth isn't great. He never was and never will be anything more than a wild slugger."

The answer to this complaint appeared in the headlines of the newspapers on the day Mr. Slavens's letter was received. "Ruth's fast path work lands game," the headline read. "Scores from second on infield out."

I submit that speed and power in the legs alone won't get a player home from second on an infield out. Swift action must also take place above the shoulders. Ruth was the most valuable American League player in 1923 and he is quite likely to achieve that distinction again this year.

Fluttering Nerves and Courage

EDDIE DRIGGS was only recently a star football man at Princeton. His outstanding characteristic was coolness under fire, the final proof of courage tried and found worthy.

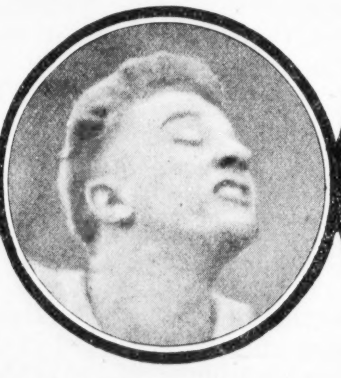
Driggs is now one of the brilliants of metropolitan golf, yet in two important tournaments in a row this year fluttering nerves cost him victory in the final round. Experience will bring these nerves under control. Driggs will acquire his share of major victories and he will be known for his courage on the golf course as he was known for his courage on a football field.

Over a considerable stretch of years in sport I can recall no athletic candidate with whom I have come in contact who really lacked courage. Many of them have lacked experience, which always gives us courage by teaching us that the things we fear are myths.

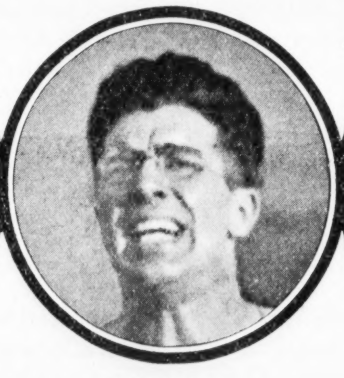
Kelly Came Through

When George Kelly first came to the New York Giants he wasn't good enough for the major leagues. A second and a third visit also saw him tried and found wanting. Back for the fourth time he made the team and then he was subjected to constant yowls of derision by the fans. But two men had absolute faith in Kelly's ability. One was John McGraw. The other was George Kelly. On June 14 Kelly hit three home runs and a single against the Cincinnati Reds, scoring all of the eight runs the Giants needed to win. His achievement constitutes a new world's record. Anyone who wishes to be fair and just must always remember that in the great American game the pace is fast for foot and brain, and no man comes to the top without the use of both.

J. C. Taylor of Princeton



Loren Murchison



L. R. Baker

Above: Leroy T. Brown, high jumper
Below: Paul Jones in the broad jump

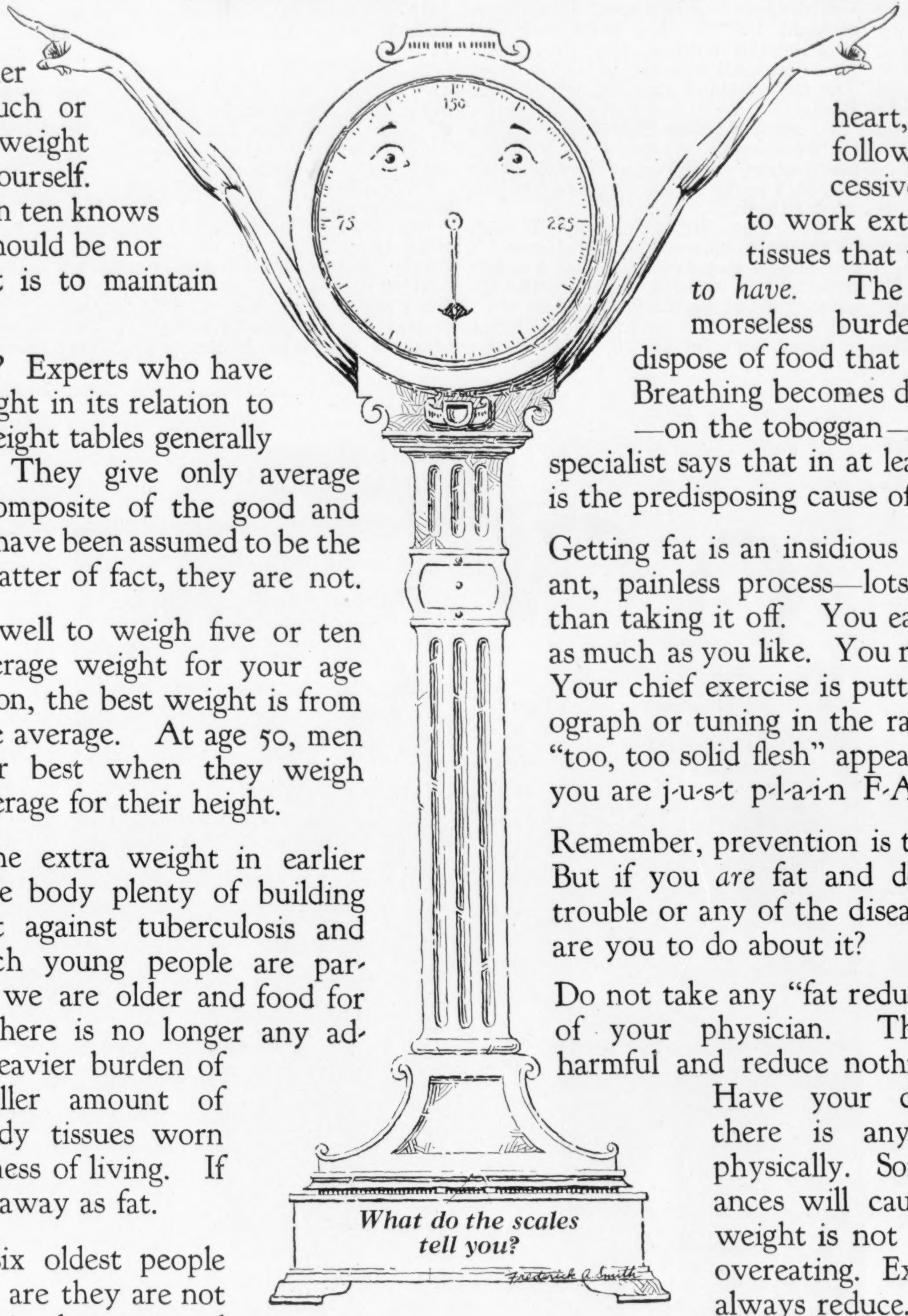
Above: Joie Ray, fast and chesty
Below: Carl Christiernsson, Swedish hurdling star

Putting It Over at the Finish

Here's a study of facial contortion at the moment of supreme effort. You've known men who "gave everything they had" to the attainment of victory, and you don't have to be an accomplished reader of faces to see that these stars are doing that very thing. Loren Murchison, whose drawn lips seem almost to quiver, is trying to give a little bit more.

The pictures of Baker and Joie Ray were snapped at the same time in the same race. Ray was leading by a foot; so that isn't a grin on Baker's face. They are in the home stretch and Baker is straining every nerve and muscle in a mighty effort to close the gap.

Beware of Fat



One person out of every seven between the ages of 35 and 45 is overweight! *That* is the story the scales are telling day after day. But the scales cannot tell the grim danger of overweight and its serious consequences. And yet most cases of overweight can be controlled—safely.

DO you know whether you weigh too much or too little? If your weight is just right, congratulate yourself. Probably not one person in ten knows what his proper weight should be nor realizes how important it is to maintain that weight.

What is the right weight? Experts who have studied the subject of weight in its relation to health tell us that the weight tables generally in use are misleading. They give only average weights, which are the composite of the good and the bad. These averages have been assumed to be the correct weights. As a matter of fact, they are not.

Up to the age of 30, it is well to weigh five or ten pounds more than the average weight for your age and height. But from 30 on, the best weight is from 10% to 20% less than the average. At age 50, men and women are at their best when they weigh considerably *below* the average for their height.

The reason is simple: The extra weight in earlier years is needed to give the body plenty of building material and to fortify it against tuberculosis and other infections to which young people are particularly subject. When we are older and food for growth is not needed, there is no longer any advantage in carrying the heavier burden of weight. A much smaller amount of food will replace the body tissues worn out in the everyday business of living. If more is eaten it is stored away as fat.

Stop and think of the six oldest people you know. The chances are they are not fat. Life insurance statistics have proved that as a rule the fat do not live to be really old men and women.

Fat is dangerous—a definite menace to life. And this is why: People who drag masses of flesh around are putting a strain upon their vital organs. High blood pressure, trouble with heart, kidneys or lungs often follow along in the train of excessive weight. The heart has to work extra hard pumping blood to tissues that the body *never was meant to have.* The digestive tract has a remorseless burden put upon it trying to dispose of food that the body does not need. Breathing becomes difficult and there you are—on the toboggan—going down! An eminent specialist says that in at least 40% of the cases—fat is the predisposing cause of diabetes.

Getting fat is an insidious thing and usually a pleasant, painless process—lots more fun putting it on than taking it off. You eat everything you like and as much as you like. You ride when you should walk. Your chief exercise is putting a record on the phonograph or tuning in the radio. Little by little that "too, too solid flesh" appears and before you know it you are j-u-s-t p-l-a-i-n F-A-T!

Remember, prevention is the better part of reducing. But if you *are* fat and don't want to have heart trouble or any of the diseases that fat induces—what are you to do about it?

Do not take any "fat reducers" except on the advice of your physician. They are usually viciously harmful and reduce nothing but your pocketbook. Have your doctor find out whether there is anything wrong with you physically. Sometimes glandular disturbances will cause fat. Overweight is not always due to overeating. Exercise does not always reduce. But 90 times out of 100 the trouble is too much and too rich food and too little exercise.

If you are overweight do not let laziness or complacency permit you to remain fat. Begin to reduce *right now.*

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

People past their youth who weigh 20% more than the average have a one-third greater death rate than the average. Those who are 40% overweight have a 50% greater death rate than the average.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recognizes overweight as so serious an impairment among its policyholders that it has issued a booklet which contains much valuable information for those who wish to reduce their weight.

This is the booklet that tells of the methods we have used in bringing a certain group of our own Metropolitan employees back to normal weight. This simple regime of diet and exercise has been found to be most effective. In several cases as much as 50 pounds have been eliminated—safely and comfortably.

In this booklet will be found a weight table prepared according to the latest study on the subject, as well as a complete program of diet and exercises that will help you to reduce your weight if you are organically sound.

A copy of "Overweight—Cause and Treatment" will be mailed free to anyone who asks for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

The Lady-Fussin' Blues

Continued from page 11

Looked like Skinny had put down chalk lines separatin' him from right and left, leavin' Irish and Otto to patrol their own beats.

Jocko tells me he understands Irish got fresh with Miss Buck, and she canned him cold. On top of that, when she was tellin' Mrs. Schwartheimer about it, and complainin' that Skinny had to play all the outfield, anyhow, why, Otto's wife flared up and said it wasn't so. That Otto always said Skinny had the swell head, and now she knew he was right. Well, of course, Lilah Buck told Skinny, and—blooie—our outfield was shot. What to do?

"I'll get ahold of this Irish O'Connell and beat some sense into that head of his," I said.

"And get him up in the air the way Skinny is?" asks Jocko.

"All right, you say sumpin," I said.

"You're on. I'll say something," says Jocko. "Lemme think it over."

We're sittin' in the Pullman on the way to the series with the Goliaths that night, Jocko and me, and up comes Mr. and Mrs. Plug Brown, the popeyed pitchin' fool, and his wife.

"Bill," says Plug, "Who's gonna pitch against McGonigle t'morra?"

"If I said, you wouldn't be able to sleep to-night, fr'm bein' nervous," I said, winkin' at him, and then lookin' at Milly Brown, his wife and manager.

"We're not afraid of pitching against the Goliaths or anybody else," she says, very businesslike. "But what we want to know is this: does this ball club intend to give us any support?"

"Why, I—sure," I said. "Of course."

"The outfield, for instance," says Plug.

"Yes, the outfield," she says, stickin' out her chin. "It's been imitating a sieve for the last few weeks. Is there any use for us to go in there and throw our arm off, and then see the outfield fall down on us and probably lose the game?"

I'LL swear I didn't know what to say, but old Jocko Jones jumps in.

"Some people might have to worry about the outfield," he laughs, "but you folks don't need to worry. The way you have been pitchin', nobody's gonna hit a ball to the outfield, hey, Bill? We could win behind Plug, Mrs. Brown, without any outfield!"

"I'll tell the world," I said.

"All you gotta do is make 'em hit in the dirt," says Jocko. "You know how to do that, don't you, Plug?"

"Sure we do," speaks up Mrs. Brown, Plug's manager.

"Well, then, the infield will do the rest," Jocko laughs. And he kids 'em along for a minute until they go away feelin' better. "Bill, has anybody else got on to this outfield stuff?"

"Only the boss, and I told him to ship the women home," I said.

"He told you where to get off," Jocko said. "That would simply mean tellin' the world whatsa matter, and make things worse. Are you sure none of the other pitchers has tumbled?"

"None of 'em said anything to me," I said.

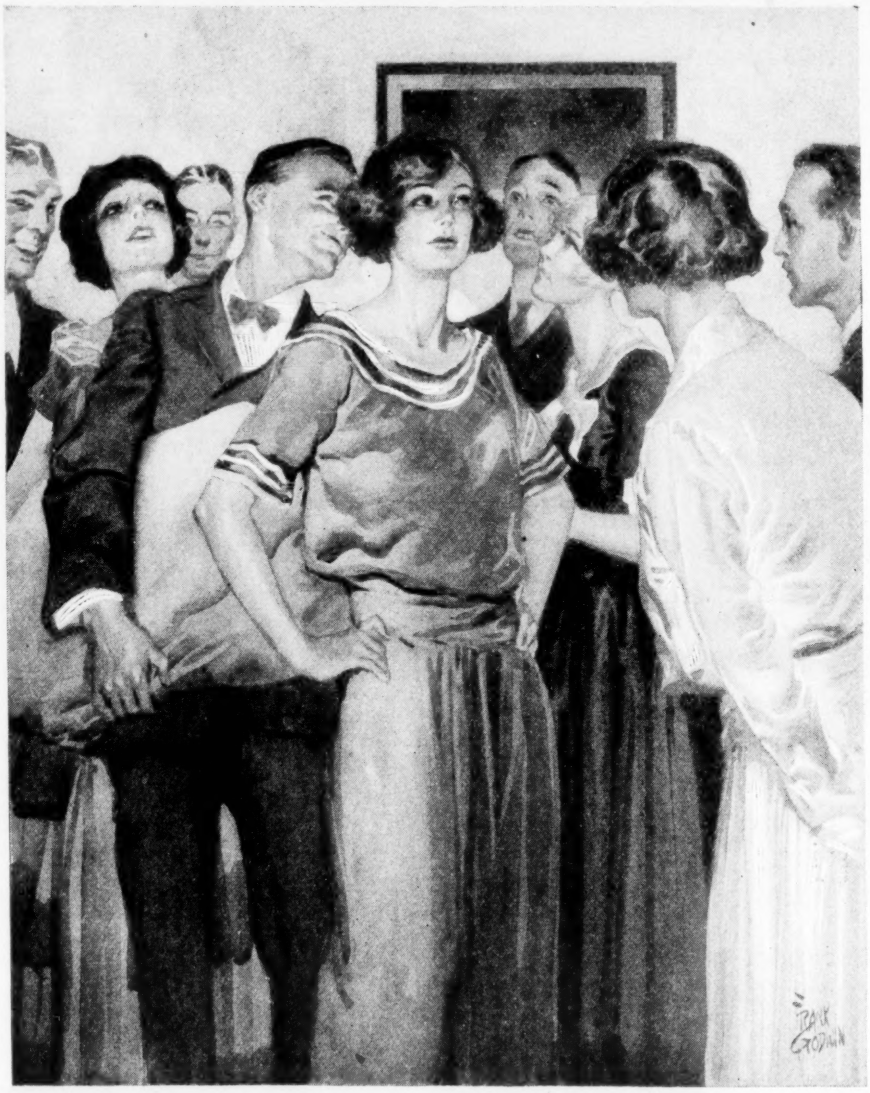
So we headed into a four-game series with McGonigle, dependin' on the infield. Plug Brown went along beautiful for seven innings, and we gave 'em a battle right in their own yard before a big gang. But in the eighth a double play went wrong at second base, and a minute later a two-bagger gave 'em two runs. Result, the game gone gibberin'.

"Tough luck, Plug," I said, that night at the hotel. "You were goin' good, and oughta win 'at game."

"Yes, with you and your infield!" snaps Millie Brown.

"Whaddya mean, my infield?" I said. I swear I didn't see anything wrong with the way that double play missed fire.

Next day we lost two double plays and a force-out around second, and I tumbled. Jersey Day had quit workin' with Gerald A. Weatherby, the top-shelf kid! Good night—there goes our infield, out with the outfield. When y'r shortstop and y'r second sacker ain't pullin' together—oh, well. If anybody thinks I'm gonna take time to tell about the other two whippin's McGonigle give us, he's silly.



"And we've bought linen for the bride-to-be," she says

The Goliaths sewed themselves into second place—and buried us in fourth—with those four in a row. It made ten straight lickin's that we'd took, all because the outfield and the infield blew up. All because of the women. The more I think about it, the madder I get.

So when old man Simmons sends for me to come to his room in Barney's town, where we stop next for four more games, I make up my mind to tell him what I think.

"All right, Mr. Simmons," I said. "You can have my job any minute. I can handle any ball club, but I won't undertake to manage any club and its wife. I didn't want these women, tried to get you to leave 'em home. I'm hired as ringmaster for the show under the big tent. I can't run any side shows, and I won't. That's flat."

"Well, we have to do something," he begun again.

"Send these women home," I said. "Or give 'em a special trip to see Niagara Falls, or sumpin. Make some excuse; get 'em away from us."

"I've told you we wouldn't discuss the party," he said, gettin' hotter. "That's out. The ladies stay. If you can't whip this problem, we'll call in Jocko. I've sent for him anyway."

"Give him the job managin' the club," I said. "I don't want it any longer—with these women attached."

JUST then Jocko come in. He seen we was both mad, so he grabbed right ahold of the conversation.

"Well, I've got it figured out," he said. "Jersey Day has to carry Weatherby somewhat in all the play around second, just the same as Skinny Buck has to hold up O'Connell and Schwarzheimer. The top-shelf kid's green yet. He's not as smart or as quick as he might be, though he improves every game. The trouble is, Jersey is layin' down on that end of his job. He slows up a step takin' throws, and holds the ball on tosses to Weatherby. Once he balled the signal purposely, and blamed the kid."

"Oh, that's all in the score book," I said. "Even an official scorer c'd see that. Why don't you get at the bottom of things? Women, I tell you."

"How do the women figure here?" asks the boss, quick.

"Well—uh, ask Jocko," I said. "He knows, mebbe. Cussed if I do."

"Sure, I do," snaps Jocko. "Jersey's wife is a bride of eleven months. Pretty. Smart. And jealous, two ways. Jealous of Ada Ruth Montgomery's looks and clothes, for one thing. And jealous, for Jersey, of Weatherby. She sees all the fuss is made over the kid and his girl. Nobody gives her and Jersey a look-in. And there you are."

"Yeah," I said, sarcastic. "There we are, but where are we?"

Jocko only shrugged his shoulders. The boss lay back on his bed, plum sick, I tell you, and only scowled. I looked at Jocko, helpless, and he looked at me, the same way. We both looked at the old man.

"Fire Jersey Day, trade him, sell him, give him away," he says. "And get rid of Buck too. I'll show these fellows—"

"That's all right with me," I said, "if y'r acceptin' my resignation. If y'r not, you can't fire the best shortstop and the finest ground-coverin' center fielder in this league 'ceptin' over my dead body."

"Oh, get on out of here, both of you," snarls T. Everett Simmons, gettin' blue in the face. "I'm sick of both of you, and your ball clubs too."

"And women?" I said to Jocko, after I'd shut the door behind us. "Great gosh, Jock, we gotta do sumpin!"

"Have to think about it," Jocko said, laughin'. And we went on down in the lobby of the hotel.

First people I bumped into was Plug Brown and Milly, his wife and manager.

"Do you plan to pitch us this afternoon?" she asks, aggressive. I c'd see she had a chip on both of their shoulders.

"Nobody else," I said. "Always open with the best we got."

"Well, we don't work," she snaps. And Plug wags his dumb head. "Not with the ball club throwin' us down the way it's been."

"All right, then I'll suspend you without pay," I said. "Think that over."

"But you can't suspend us," Mrs. Brown said, gettin' scared all of a sudden.

"I'll admit I can't do much with you, or any of the rest of these women," I said, "but I can still suspend any guy on the pay roll."

"Then why not suspend some of these in-and-out fielders?" she asks, comin' back strong. And old Plug, the popeyed fool, stood there and wagged his head. I'd never thought of that!

Jocko come past fr'm the news stand carryin' a paper, and I grabbed him. Told him what she'd said, but he only laughed. "Couldn't be done," he said. "You can't convict a man," he said, "unless you can prove him guilty." And he'd like to see anybody make a case against Skinny and Jersey. While he was talkin' I seen he was sorta studyin' this Milly Brown, manager of the popeyed Plug. But I didn't think anything of it—at the time.

THAT afternoon I pitched Plug against Barney's seventh-place gang with little Monty Sawyer, at second base for 'em, razzin' us alla way. They took us, in spite of Plug's pitchin', which was good. They took us because Skinny left O'Connell and Otto strictly on their own, and because Jersey kept on playin' Weatherby for a sucker. Oh, not openly, y' understand, but cleverly, so's you couldn't put y'r finger on it. Both of 'em knew I was watchin' 'em like a hawk. So I never said a word.

Old man Simmons didn't come out to see the game. When I inquired for him that night, he said he wouldn't be out any more till we'd win a game.

I sat down in the lobby after dinner with my pipe and tried to think some way outa this terrible hole. But it was just like tryin' to think y'rself through the walls of Sing Sing.

And then things begun to happen. I mean, things happened. Monty Sawyer, who we had to trade because he was a trouble maker, come in and hobnobbed around with the boys, kiddin' 'em for losin' so many games, and that day's in particular. Then he talked to Jocko, who he used to ride so hard when he could stick in the saddle. When he went away I noticed he was escortin' Miss Lilah Buck, Skinny's sister. Funny, I thought.

Plug Brown and Milly come along. Wanted to know if I'd seen Irish O'Connell. I said Irish was in the poolroom, prob'ly, and Plug went and found him. Then he come back and set down by me, leavin' Milly talkin' to Irish. I don't know what about. When they went away, after while, I went over to the news stand to buy a can of tobacco, and bumped into the lovely Ada Ruth Montgomery, fiancée of the top-shelf kid, Gerald A. Weatherby.

"Oh, Mr. Andrews," she says, "I wanted to see you. Gerald's gone upstairs a minute. I'm waiting for him. He's all upset, Mr. Andrews. Says all this trouble is his fault. Says he can't seem to hold up his end around second base, whatever that means, and he's worried so he hasn't made a hit in three days. He wants to quit."

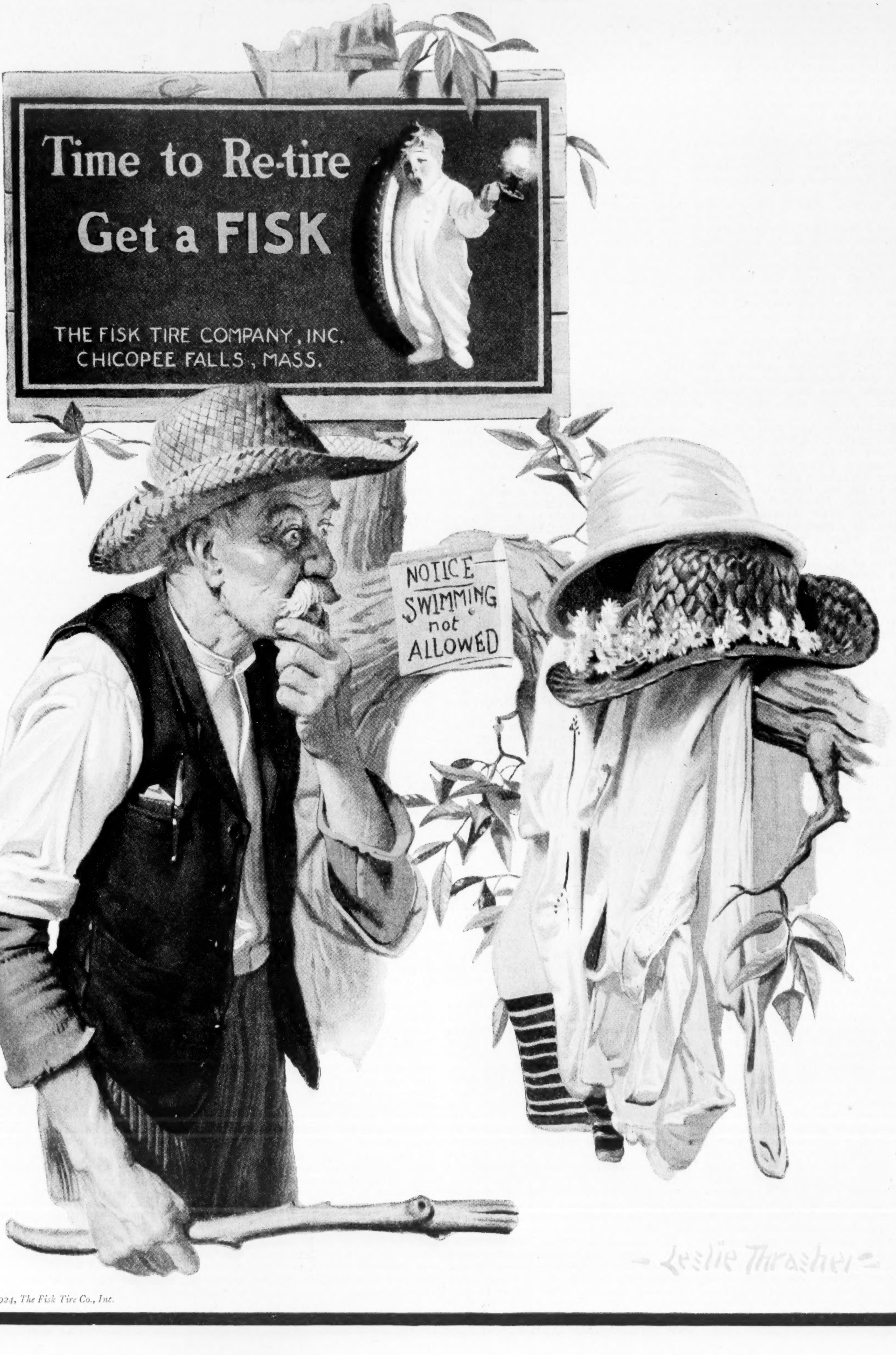
"Rot," I said. "I mean, Miss Montgomery, you tell him to quit worryin'. It's not his fault. We'll pull together before long, and he'll be glad to be with us."

"That's what I have told him," she said. "But he don't pay any attention to me. Says I don't know anything about baseball."

"I'm beginnin' to think I don't either," I said. "But you tell him to sit tight."

Along late in the evenin', Monty comes in with Miss Lilah Buck,

(*Continued on page 24*)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The Lady-Fussin' Blues

Continued from page 22

who's all smiles. Right with 'em come Jocko and his wife, ex-Dorothy Simmons. You never saw a happier party.

The next afternoon, out at the park, I'm settin' on the bench, while Barney's gang is takin' some fieldin' practice, when one of the boys says a lady, two ladies, wants to see me, at the rail around the corner of the dugout.

I climbed out, and went around. Took off my cap, and there was Lilah Buck with Mrs. Jersey Day, the purty little dickens.

"Mr. Andrews," says Lilah Buck, all excited, "we hate to bother you, but we've got some news. Mr. Weatherby and Miss Montgomery are engaged to be married—"

"Sure," I said. "We've knowed that all along."

"But we understand it is to be soon," she said, blushin', I don't know why. "And we're planning a great surprise shower for them. Mrs. Brown called a meeting of all us girls this morning, except Miss Montgomery and Dorothy. Mrs. Day was elected chairman of a committee in charge, and I'm the treasurer—"

"Why don't Mrs. Day speak up as chairman?" I said, kiddin' 'em both, I thought. "I'd rather talk to the chairman than the treasurer, any day. You're single, Miss Buck, and besides, you collect. I'd feel safer talkin' to a married chairman—"

"Oh, Mr. Andrews, stop your chatter," laughs this purty little Mrs. Day. "Besides, you're stung. What we want is one hundred dollars, pledged, with your name on Lilah's paper."

"I wish I'd let Lilah do all the talkin'," I said. "Here—" because I tumbled right that minute—"gimme that paper. Is a hundred enough?"

Well, sir, when I got back to the bench I had to set down and think it over. First of all, here Mrs. Day had turned a right about face, and right with her was Lilah Buck. How come? Monty Sawyer had horned in too, but why? D'yuh s'pose—

"Who'll we throw at 'em, Bill?" asks Jocko. "Third time I've ast you."

"Irish O'Connell, the pore fish," I loud.
said, but I musta been thinkin' out

"A left fielder! That's good—one with a lame arm too!" laughs Jocko.

"What? Oh, tell anybody to go out there and pitch," I said. "It don't make any difference, the way we're not fieldin'."

Jocko told big George MacArthur to fling 'em, and we got started. But not until I'd gotta hold of Irish O'Connell.

"How's things between you and Lilah?" I said, point-blank.

"None of y'r durn business," he said.

"Well, then, what's Monty Sawyer doin' around?" I begun.

"I sh'd worry about Monty, the fresh fish," he says. "A lady friend of mine has spoke to Lilah for me, and has got us all squared up. Monty's gotta date with her for to-night, see—but t'morra night—well, little old Mr. O'Connell will be on the job. But," he says, again, "It's none of your business."

WELL, sir, George MacArthur flang a good enough game at Barney's gang, and the infield and outfield played fairish ball. Not up to their stuff, y' understand, but fairish. And we managed to take Barney in ten innings, the first win for us in twelve games! Boy, mebbe I didn't breath a little easier.

Then come the blow-off. That night there was big secret doin's around the hotel among the women, with this little Mrs. Jersey Day leadin' the fireworks, and Dorothy and Ada Ruth Montgomery not present. I tried to talk to Mrs. Day after dinner to find out how things were goin', but she was busier'n a hen with one chicken, and wouldn't stop to talk.

Next day things looked better. Irish O'Connell and Skinny Buck put in the forenoon together shoppin' for bats, and old Otto went with 'em! And when I got outa the clubhouse onto the field for practice that afternoon, there was Jersey Day down around second with the top-shelf kid, showin' Weatherby some tricks around the bag!

Why worry about the details? We got together that afternoon, and my Blues played a whale of a game, just like they was in the big series. We whipped Barney's crowd by about sixteen runs to nothin', with old Plug Brown, the popeyed fool, in there pitchin' his head off. Three double plays turned in from the neighborhood of second base, and two runs cut down at the plate due to Skinny Buck's helpin' out Otto and Irish! It was beautiful, no less.

"Jocko," I said to the big fish in the clubhouse, "I can see how Mrs. Brown worked on Lilah and Irish, to straighten 'em out, but how about the infield? Mrs. Day was jealous of Ada Ruth, and how could Milly—"

"When you can't beat 'em, join 'em," laughs Jocko. "Or else appoint 'em your leader and fall in behind 'em." And he took it on the run for the showers. I s'pose he knew what he was talkin' about, but I haven't figured it out yet.

That night the old man, who'd seen the game from a box, called us all together in a parlor at the hotel, fully recovered from his sickness. Mrs. Jersey Day presided, in her glory, makin' a speech as purty as she is herself, the little dickens.

"Finally," she says, "because we all of us love a lover, we have taken a subscription for a shower for our friend, Miss Montgomery, and we've planned a linen shower for her and her husband-to-be, Gerald Weatherby. I'm proud to say that the players, up to and including Mr. Andrews, our popular manager, have contributed $1,423, and we've bought all this"—and she waves an arm at Lilah Buck, Mrs. Milly Brown, and Irish O'Connell, comin' in the door at her signal with a great big bundle—"linen for the bride-to-be."

Mebbe you think that crowd didn't go crazy. They all crowded around the blushin' Ada Ruth and the top-shelf kid, who she made help her untie the big bundle. Jocko Jones, the big ham-handed fish, wanted to kiss the bride, but Weatherby told him he'd either wait till the weddin' or get his block knocked off. I went over, but it only looked like tablecloths and such. Linen's only linen with me, 'long as it's not dirty. But right in the middle of the ceremonies, old man Simmons lets out a yell.

"Wait, wait a minute," he says, holdin' up his hand to stop the excitement. "This ball club can't outdo me for one minute. I hereby match the team's subscription, the money to be turned over to the committee headed by Mrs. Day and Miss Buck, and used for the same purpose!"

The gang hadn't hardly opened their mouth to give him a cheer on that, when he was talkin' again.

"And not only that," he says, red in the face, "but since there's no denyin' this ball club has been tied in a knot for two weeks, I'll match that amount as a bonus to the party that untied the knot. How's that?"

"High!" I yelled, but I saw him lookin' at me, and all the gang looked at me too. "But y'r not lookin' at me," I said. "I never had nothin' to do with it, at any time. But wait," I said. "A lady is responsible for alla this, or I'm a sucker."

"What? A lady?" says Mr. Simmons, laughin'. "I thought the women were not good for anything around a ball club, Bill?"

"Women, no!" I said, stickin' out my chin. "This was another manager, who only happened to be a woman. I refer," I said, "To Mrs. Milly Brown, Plug's manager."

Well, sir, she darn near fainted when the whole crowd looked at her, and she remembered the boss's promise of a bonus of $1,423. Blushed, and bit her lip. Then she come up for air.

"Not me," she said. "I only did what Jocko told me to do."

"Back up, back up!" yells Jocko, grinnin' a mile wide. "Bill gets the credit. He told me to look after things."

"Because I washed my hands of 'em," I said. "Give Jocko the bonus," I said.

"Well, since there seems to be some argument—"

"I only wanted this ball club to play ball behind us when we're pitchin'," speaks up Milly Brown, interruptin'. "You can't give me the bonus."

"I was going to say I'd entertain suggestions," the boss finished.

"Mr. Simmons," I said, takin' my nerve in my hand, "I would say a treat is due to the ladies. They're prob'ly tired of travelin' around with this bunch of big roughnecks, so I suggest the money be used to give 'em a trip to Niagara Falls. Anyway," I said, "Miss Ada Ruth won't be able to see the place if she waits until her honeymoon and has Weatherby along."

"Mr. Andrews," begins the old man, sorta white for a change. But he gets interrupted. I never saw less respect for a club owner.

"That would be wonderful, simply wonderful!" exclaims Mrs. Jersey Day, out loud. "Wouldn't it, girls?"

YOU never heard such a chatter in y'r life. And the boss caved. And I got rid of the women for the rest of the trip, by that one diplomatic move. I got the blues—uh, Blues, together again and we go through this league like a reaper, gatherin' in fourteen games before we're stopped. Third place, only a game and a half in behind the Goliaths, in second place. Leave us at 'em, at home next week!

Gettin' ahead of my story? Oh yes. Well, the party adjourned to go to a theatre on the old man—his idea. All except Irish and Lilah, who already hadda date for sumpin else. And anybody who gets me within a mile of women again has to blindfold me and haul me up with a tractor, all I gotta say. Y' always get stung, like with Mrs. Milly Brown, Plug's wife and manager, who was too nice to take the bonus. Crazy? Listen.

"Mr. Andrews," she says to me the very next day. "We ought to have more money, considerin' the pitchin' we're doing. We want a 25 per cent increase on the year, beginning when we started winning games, back there at home against the Goliaths."

Did she get it? I'll tell the world, excludin' my ball club, all of which would have their hands out if they knew. And it figured just double that fool bonus!

So They Lent This Farmer $50,000,000

Continued from page 12

start a New Year all clear, they must go into debt again immediately, for they have no cash income in sight for another eight or nine months.

"At the end of the picking and ginning season these farmers come to town with their cotton, a bale at a time—because by then their debts are pressing and they must eat—and they sell as fast as they can. It is a sale forced by the farmer's circumstances, at the worst time of the year for selling, and at the lowest prices.

"This is what we call 'distress cotton.' It is dumped on the market to relieve the farmer's immediate personal distress, and the dumping serves only to break prices and reduce his annual income, thereby increasing his year-around distress. He goes back home, having received for his crop the least money it could have yielded. Except, he hasn't got the money. He has paid it over to the storekeeper or the bank or the landlord.

"And so they go on in a sort of endless treadmill, never free, never even in sight of a better standard of living. The average length of a school term in the cotton-farming districts is less than three months in the year. The condition of these farmers is far below that of the so-called factory 'wage slave.' I personally know families into whose homes shoes never go."

Do you know now why Carl Williams set out a little more than three years ago to organize the southern farmers and get them to pledge to deliver their entire crop to their own organization for a period of seven years' trial of co-operative marketing of farm products? Do you understand how this farmer-reporter-publisher could go out into the land of the cotton fields, where ignorance marched hand in hand with hopelessness, and battle against the inertia of acceptance of conditions-as-they-are—and win? Do you get the picture of a debt-ridden cotton grower—a man perhaps who has "one dead mule and five choppers and seven pickers" to show for a lifetime of effort—lifting up his head in the world for the first time?

Can you see the million and a quarter men, women, and children who have been directly touched by the Williams organization paying off their debts and crowding into the little stores to buy shoes and other simple necessities that they have spent a lifetime wanting but have never been able to get before?

You will get no heroics out of Williams. When you ask him how he could do it he will say, merely:

"Some of us seem to have a knack of putting this thing in terms that the farmer understands."

But his eyes light as he tells you what it means.

"Last year," he said, "the cotton co-ops obtained for their members an average price that was four cents a pound higher than they would have received had their cotton been dumped on the market in the fall as usual.

"Our average farmer member grows ten bales of cotton. At picking time we had something over 200,000 members. It has increased since. These two hundred thousand members received, on the average, $200 more each than they could have got for their crops by individual selling.

"That means that forty millions of dollars that formerly would have gone to enrich the speculators was put into the farmer's pocket, and used to raise the standard of life of the southern farm family."

Nothing in the whole world is more important, Williams will tell you, than raising the economic, social, and spiritual standards of the American family, of whatever class and wherever located. He is merely doing what he can for the cotton farmer who lives in twelve of our southern states.

"The cotton farm districts of the South are in a sounder condition to-day than any other agricultural district in the country," Williams said. Hubert Parson, president of Woolworth's, had said the same thing to me a few weeks earlier.

Thanks to Williams, the people of the South can buy more goods to-day than ever before; and when any great class of the people of the United States have their buying power raised it helps bring prosperity to all. Williams serves us all when he crusades to lift the cotton farmer out of poverty's clutches.

But I started out to explain how a farmer could walk into Wall Street and say "Lend me 50 millions"—and get it. The cotton co-ops needed the money to finance the business of selling 150 millions of dollars' worth of cotton. Williams had made the cotton co-op one of the biggest businesses in the United States. And of course big business can always get any kind of a loan that it happens to want.

A Second Helping of Parents

Continued from page 16

legal sense. I have before me a report furnished by the Children's Aid Society of Pennsylvania dealing with a large enough group (seven thousand) to be typical of the United States. In this group there are only four and three-tenths per cent whose parents are both actually dead. That is why you continually hear it said: "There are no orphans in the United States to speak of." Rightfully the foundlings or abandoned children should be added to this list, which would make the total 11.3 per cent. Nearly all of the rest, or about 88 per cent of all the children dealt with by this society over a period of years, are children who have been unable to get a normal life at home, whose lives are already colored at the time of their reception by black trouble at home. Father dies or runs away from mother, mother dies or runs away from father, disease grips one or the other of the parents. Father and mother divorce or father and mother fail to marry and set up a home.

This is True of Everybody's Children

WHEREVER there is trouble at home, it is almost universally true that the child becomes a problem child. It has been shown that such children lie and steal and run away, have bad personal habits, are ready to become real enemies of society. These impulses, according to almost all educators and psychologists, exist in every normal child and must be constantly watched and guarded against in a friendly individual way. In ordinary family life these problems are acute only at rare moments. As a matter of fact, normal family life frequently effects a cure automatically. Your troubles and mine with our own children are exactly the same, in modified form, as the troubles of the child-placing agency. That is why this system has made such a large contribution toward the science of child care, not only in Massachusetts but also in Philadelphia, New York, and some other isolated instances.

As yet in Massachusetts this special work of problem children who are dependent or who get into the hands of the Juvenile Court is taken care of by private charitable agencies. They are all doing it. Society after society has given up its orphan asylum and undertaken the more intelligent and humane work of placing orphans in real homes.

When I got to talking to the societies and to reading their cases I was impressed by two things. I saw that the reason I myself and all my grade-school chums were not delinquents in the true sense of the word was because we came from families which handled us fairly intelligently, from families essentially normal and happy. We never went to jail. Yet many a record of the juvenile courts on young "criminals" reads less black than one I could write about myself and my chums with perfect truth.

The other impressive fact was that the little problems of daily life which I have with my child and which my neighbors have with theirs are precisely the same kind of symptoms exhibited to a more marked degree by the problem children among the dependents.

I talked to these people who handle children in large numbers, people who must find out what is wrong with each specific child and remedy the situation before their work can be successful. And I learned about my child from them. I saw case after case in which the most amazing mental transformations had been accomplished. I saw cases of children apparently bound for a life of crime turned into capable, lovable kids.

It is the most extreme cases, which are ordinarily given up and thrown into reform schools, which are handled by Dr. William Healy. He is doing a job which has made him famous all over the world. He has actually, through his work with dependent children and with delinquents, greatly reduced the number of cases which come before the court, and thus also reduced the number of criminals. His work is serving as a model for other attempts in other cities.

No Orphans Down Boston Way

MASSACHUSETTS, by abolishing the orphan, has saved a large amount of money and has learned how to give the unfortunate child as much chance to succeed as his most fortunate brothers and sisters. As a by-product it has developed a great body of knowledge on the practical handling of children. It has pointed the way for the intelligent handling of children everywhere. By its success it has encouraged large bodies of people like the American Legion to write a similar program for the care of its own wards. It has placed every large and expensive institution like Mooseheart very much on the defensive to justify its enormous costs and the fact that from 25 to 30 per cent of its children are continually "on punishment."

Facts which I learned about the handling of children, which interested me so much in their relation to the handling of my own child, must be saved for the next article.

White Wings

Continued from page 4

that she and the man had vanished, and that there was only that little humpy Chink boy of his scuttering along Pekin Street.

What had come over Jenny that night nobody rightly knew, but she went quietly with Ben Cutbush to the half-lit corner of Gill Street. There she stopped dead, making one more effort at the regal.

"Look 'ere—dammit—what is it you want? Always 'angin' round me, an'—"

And then he said, "I want you. See? I want *you*. That gang's spoiling you. You're the gel I bin looking for fer years. When I first saw you I knew you was my gel. You know my name, don't you? I live down Three Colt Street. I got a good job at the docks, and I'm straight. You're going to leave that gang an' come with me, and let me make you happy. Ain't you?" When he said these things she had no answer. She went all muzzy. The evening feast was in her head; the street lamps were dancing with her pulses; the noise and the perfume and the hot summons of carnival had gone to her heart.

She just looked at him and giggled, and then smiled a smile that Amoy Place had never seen. She was still smiling when a patter of feet brought Chan Lee toward them. Ben jerked a head at him and laughed.

"My servant. He'll be your servant too, if you'll let him. Will you? Remember how we first met?" He laughed again.

It seemed that she was supposed to see the whole affair as one glorious bit of fun. It was certain that she must say something. "You—you—you—" and she finished lamely with: "You are a One! You—you seem to think you can do just what you like. Followin' me about and—and—and sayin' things, and—"

"There's a lot o' things I got to say yet. I don't suppose you care what a chap of my sort's got to say. You don't even know me like—"

(*Continued on page 26*)

Clicquot Club
GINGER ALE

It boils cold over thirsty throats

Cool as ice with the tang of ginger, Clicquot Club Ginger Ale swirls over thirsty throats in hundreds of cool little splashes that say sparkle and freshness and ginger tang all at once.

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is made of pure Jamaica ginger, pure lemon and lime flavorings, and the famous Clicquot spring water carbonated just right! Here is ginger ale! Here is the full, rich, golden color with its shimmer and sparkle; here is the full bouquet, the rounded, balanced flavor of real ginger ale—every drop of it refreshing, every mouthful satisfying. *They all like it.* They judge ginger ale by Clicquot. They like ginger ale because they like Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.

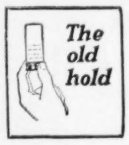
Order by the case from your grocer, druggist, or confectioner.

Clicquot Club
PRONOUNCED KLEE-KO
Ginger Ale

Clicquot Club
SARSAPARILLA
What a sweet, rich goodness! Cream it up like coffee. That's called Black Cow.

A new invention that is making old-style sticks obsolete

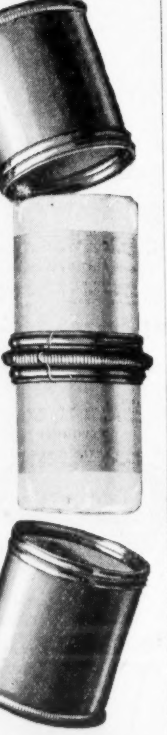
A shaving stick with a "3 finger" hold!



The great fault with the old style of shaving stick was the uncertain finger-tip hold it offered.

See how the new Williams Doublecap overcomes this. Here is a holder you can wrap your fingers around without ever touching the soap. And the hold does not vary from first to last.

Use up a Doublecap Stick first from one end, then the other, then get a Williams Re-load. Re-loads cost less than the complete package. The Doublecap container is highly polished metal and lasts for years.



Williams heavier, more closely woven lather softens your beard faster than that of other sticks. A lubric quality in this lather makes easier shaving by preventing razor friction. Finally, this Williams lather has a decidedly helpful effect on the skin. Your first shave will prove to you how much better Doublecap is both in comfort and convenience.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
Glastonbury, Conn.
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St. Patrick Street, Montreal

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a *scientific* after-shaving formula. For free trial bottle write Dept. 37.

Made by the Makers of Williams Holder Top Stick and Williams Shaving Cream with the Hinge-Cap.

Williams
Doublecap
Shaving Stick

White Wings

Continued from page 25

"Oh, I know all about you, my boy!"

He jumped at that. "Do you? Reely? I wonder whether you'd ever—"

"Ever what?"

"I wonder what you think of me?"

"Blowed if I know!" And she didn't. She only knew that these moments in his company were by no means as irritating as his stares. She knew that she had been wanting him to speak. She knew why she had never been able to tell him off. She was now in a mood of smiling sulkiness. "Dunno why I let you talk like this. I never let the others. I s'pose you're different, some'ow. You make me feel—"

He put an arm on her shoulder and she went with him without further question.

Whether Chan Lee knew, by some Eastern magic or some occult sight vouchsafed to cripples, that his master that night would win his desire, I cannot say. It looked as though he did, for he had transformed that back room with banners and masks of scarlet and blue. On the mantelpiece stood a joss of prosperity and longevity. From a vase at the corner, punk sticks were smoldering. Paper mottoes of green and yellow were pinned over the pictures. All the junk, indeed, that he had been able to rifle from Ben's boxes upstairs—relics of his wanderings—were scattered about the room. And in the center of the table stood his own love gift—a great empty ginger jar, black and red, which he had stolen, while Ho Ling, the store keeper, was out of his shop watching the show.

And now he went padding joyfully about to serve them with a little meal, while Jenny surrendered to this sudden new ordering of her life without another thought of dignity or withdrawal. She was still, she felt, a queen, and this was her new realm; and though she wondered why she had thus let herself be, as it were, pushed on to a throne, she was content. She knew that she would do, and gladly, anything that this big boy asked of her.

All through the meal Chan Lee was hovering between them, attending her and anticipating her, and gravely watching her face to see whether his dishes (good enough for his master) were worthy of his master's white angel. And when Jenny said—nodding toward him: "'E's a rum 'un, ain't 'e? I reckon you're a couple o' rum 'uns"—and his master barked with laughter, he was satisfied that all was well.

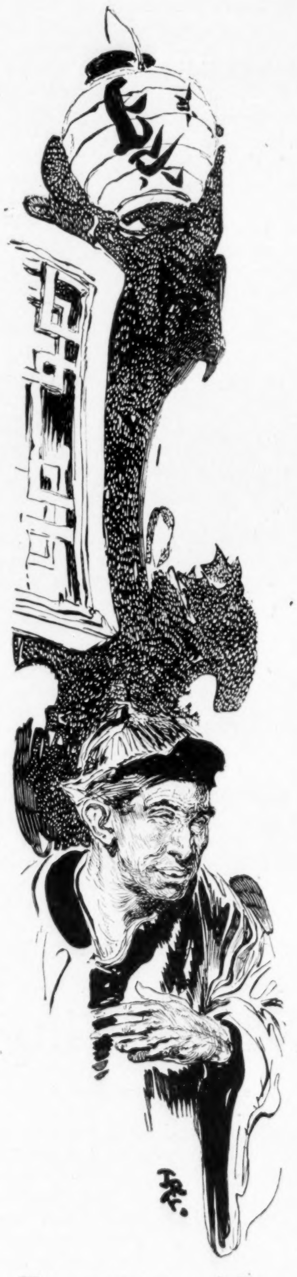
By midnight the house was dark, and four walls inclosed them in a strange world. From outside came faintly the last tired flourishes of the Feast; and above it, close to their ears, the thin note of Chan Lee's guitar and a small tuneless voice, making a song to them, as he sat on the top stair by their door. The night flowed between them. . . .

BY THE boys and girls of Amoy Place, Jenny was counted out, and she didn't care. The start of the change had been sudden, but it worked slowly. Slowly noisiness and flashiness passed from her. She bloomed. Her boy had told her that she was beautiful, and punched her and laughed as he said it, and though she was little more than pretty, she began to be beautiful. She took trouble with herself. Being accepted as one of grace and character, she had to live up to this standard—at first with a sidelong giggle—but soon, unconsciously, she did become gracious and quiet, and knew great happiness.

She had two devout worshipers—Big Ben and Chan Lee—and she had a home and a real good boy to look after her, a boy who understood her. She was no fool; Ben had been right in spotting her as better than her crowd, and she entered easily into the business of wife.

Gracefully, Chan Lee surrendered certain of his duties to her, while persisting in the less pleasant—the cleaning and the washing. Each morning, when she went to Salmon Lane market, he followed her with the basket, and helped the bargaining with his long experience. Wherever she went he was in faithful attendance. He required no orders. He did the work as he had always done it, standing by it when done, for her approval; so that every evening Ben had a neat home, a bright table, and an unbothered girl awaiting him. He was servant and entertainer, and his quaintnesses delighted her as they amused Ben. His upturned doggy eyes, his queer voice and phrases, his guitar, the funny way he made tea, and the smiling service he gave made the day pleasant for her.

So for many months they lived with beauty. There were glad awakenings in the morning; the farewell; the house to see to; the marketing; the strolls in the gardens; Chan Lee sitting on the floor of the kitchen, while she drank tea in the front room, playing his guitar and singing little lonesome songs to her; Ben's tea to be thought of and prepared; Ben coming home; the meeting at the door; the thumping and punching in the ribs; the laughter; the meal; the music hall, perhaps; and then to Ben's arms.



He must not follow her, she told him. But he watched her from a distant corner

BUT the passing of the months brought a difference. You know how it is in that second half year. The unique began to melt into the commonplace. Six months of ecstasy brought its reaction.

Chan Lee ceased to be the quaint little figure she had first found him. He became an ordinary part of life; then an irritation. The pleasure and importance of possessing a servant passed. For one thing, he was always about. She couldn't go or turn anywhere without seeing him. It was as it used to be when Ben was turning up everywhere, only there was nothing here to give it point. It gave her the feeling of being spied on, and his ugliness and his hump began to disgust her. If he came near her she wanted to draw away.

In her fancy he was an object that sometimes came between her and Ben. Both were ministers to Ben, as he and Ben were ministers to her, and she began to have a sense of rivalry with the boy. He was so adept, so familiar with his master, so obviously a favorite. Ben seemed to think far too much of him—not as he thought of her, of course, but still, the boy was part of his life, and she was soon seeing him as the ordinary wife sees her husband's friends or work or club, or anything that takes his thoughts from herself. She couldn't understand what he could find in this misshapen little creature—why he should take any notice of its worship. If it had been a dog, now. Lots of men were silly about dogs, but this deformed little Chink—

And it had all come out of that affair at Canton, an affair of their own of which she knew nothing. All she got when she asked about it was: "Oh, usual native quarter row. They were knockin' him about, and we'd all had more'n enough. So there was a row."

Slowly she came to detest the boy, and the boy knew it, and foolishly increased it by thrusting service and deference upon her, and making flustering efforts to keep his master's home as smooth and happy as a Chinese servant would have it. She began to catch rumors of laughter as she went about the streets—laughter centering on Chan Lee and his attendance. She overheard phrases from her old acquaintances: "Look at the duchess an' 'er footman. Beauty and the Beast. Which is Beauty—eh? I wonder whether 'im an' er—"

She gave him orders to stop following her about, and he obeyed, but still she found him watching her from distant corners, and this and his ugliness fretted her nerves. Ben began to notice her humors, and to ask clumsy questions, and receive petulant answers; and because of them he didn't grin and laugh and punch her so often. They began to talk to each other in half sentences, snaps. There were little jars and asperities. Nothing definite; nothing *said*, but a daily testiness as if the air were full of glass dust.

One evening, as they sat together in the back room, she spoke out. Ben was smoking; she was reading a weekly paper; Chan Lee was playing and singing to them from the kitchen. After five minutes of this she threw down the paper, and said, as though carrying on a subject of argument:

"I wish you'd git rid of 'im, y'know. 'E *does* git on my nerves so."

"He what? Gits—what?"

She snapped: "Gits on my nerves. That row 'e's alwis makin' out there. Gnah-gnah-gnah. Wow-wow-wow."

He looked like a man who had slipped on something. "Row? Row? Why, that's one of his love songs. A Cantonese love song. He's alwis sung that ever since—"

"Well, 'e gits on my nerves. Tell 'im 'e's got to stop it. Else—"

THEREAFTER, day by day, the kitchen was silent, except for the hiss of his slippers against the stone floor. And that, too, got on her nerves, and Ben saw it and turned moody and one night stayed out late, with a couple of pals. Next morning they both had nerves.

It began from nothing, mere reaction from excess of delight, and it grew into that day-to-day petulance that destroys from the heart outward. She knew that Ben was worried because of her dislike of Chan Lee, and she knew that she was doing a dangerous thing in persisting in it. But she couldn't stop. The boy was ugly and did worry her. She wouldn't even listen to her old aunt.

"If you ain't careful, me gel, you'll drive 'im away from yeh. You got a good man, and you oughta keep 'im. Lord, everybody's got something to put up with, ain't they? Why cancher leave 'im alone about 'is boy? A humpback's lucky too."

"Perhaps. But 'ow'd you like to have a ugly thing like that about the 'ouse all day? Eh? Poppin' up everwhere. Can't never be alone for a minute. An' droppin' feathers all over the 'ouse, outa those Chink stores in the Causeway, I s'pose. It gives yer the creeps."

"Taa, yeh fool! Thought you'd got more sense. It's things like this that makes trouble with man and wife. I know. I'm older'n you."

"Oh, *yew.*" The tone dismissed the fancies of the aged.

And then, seeing that Ben had no intent of getting rid of the boy, she brooded upon it as upon a wrong, and, in sheer perversity of temper, must go and taunt him with no longer loving her. When he had rebounded from the assault, he was all jerks. "Why, good Lord, Jenny, why—whatever's the matter now?"

"That boy!"

"You still on that? Why, but—you used to be so fond of him. And Lord knows he'd do anything for you."

"I know, I know. He was new to me then. And different. But it ain't nice bein' alone in the 'ouse all day with a Chinky creepin' about. An' you alwis seem to think so mighty much of 'im."

"Oh, come now. That be blowed. I got to look after him. Y'see, 'e sort of cottoned to me and followed me from China. And I've alwis called him my mascot. Our mascot. If it hadn't a bin for 'im, y'know, I wouldn't 'a' found you. You wouldn't ask me to kick a poor kid like that into the streets."

"You would if you loved me, an' knew 'ow 'e gives me the fidgets. Anybody'd think, 'way you talk, I was askin' you to kill 'im. One o' the Chinks round 'ere'd take 'im in soon enough. 'E wouldn't starve."

"But—but—he's our luck, remember. He's our luck."

"Oh, chuck it. 'E's alwis in the way. Can't never be done."

"He's on'y lookin' after you."

"Well, I don't want 'im to. I on'y want you."

"Jealous of him. Don't be silly. I like to know you got someone while I'm away. And he worships you. You'd be sorry if you did get rid of him, I bet. 'Sides, he's bin wi' me nearly five years now. It'd break his heart if I sent him off."

"Chinks ain't got no 'earts."

"Oh, ain't they?"

"No. 'E'd settle down somewhere else—like a cat—an' be just as 'appy."

"You don't know much about Chinks, then."

"Perhaps I don't. And don't want to. Still, if you think more of 'im than—"

"Oh, my God!" He swung from the fireplace, then turned with hands out, as one appealing for fair play, as Chan Lee slid into the room to clear the tea table. "Look here, gel—I mean—you didn't ought to say things like that. Why—"

"Well, I told you what—" At that moment the boy had slid to her side of the table. She was looking down at the fire. As she turned in the middle of her sentence, not knowing that he was there, her hand touched the top of his head; and she finished with "Oh-fer-Gawd's-sake-get-outa-the-way!" And pushed him.

She pushed him with a blow in the neck from her open hand, and with tray and two cups he toppled back, struck a chair, and fell with bump and clatter.

"Jenny!" He looked at her. He looked at the boy. He scratched his face. He stared and stared at her, as though he had never before seen her. She said, lamely, "Well, it was 'is fault. I didn't know 'e was there. Comin' be'ind me like that."

CHAN LEE got up, gravely, as on that other occasion. He looked swiftly at both of them. Then he gathered up tray and cups and shuffled into the kitchen, and left them standing, without words. Ben looked dazed and hurt. She looked and was sullen. She knew what he was thinking, and she knew that he was right. But she wasn't going to admit it. The knowledge that she was in the wrong made her determined to stay in it. Let him say what he liked. She didn't care. She would have said: "I'm sorry," if he hadn't been looking at her like that; but—

Neither knew how to handle the situation, and neither moved. There was silence in the room and in the kitchen. She kicked with her foot two little feathers that lay on the carpet near the table. But gradually this large silence became a roar to her ears, and to break it she said the first thing that came to her! "What's 'e doin' out there? 'E's very quiet."

Ben said nothing.

"'E's alwis gettin' in the way. What's 'e up to?"

From the kitchen came a click, and again silence. She looked toward the kitchen door, and Ben looked too. She wondered, and was worried. These Chinks—you never knew what they might do. And she'd hit him.

Then Ben went into the kitchen, and she heard him grunt. He spoke over his shoulder. "The back door's open. He's gorn."

"Gorn?" He had spoken so quietly that she felt as though the affair was finished, and that all would be well.

"*Ah.* Gorn. Fer good too. Gorn proper. He's taken his joss. And his prayer papers. And his guitar. . . . Well, you wanted him gorn, and he's gorn. You've thrown yer luck away!"

"Well, I—"

He snatched his hat from a peg behind the door, slammed the door, and went out by the kitchen way. He had not even looked at her. Thinking of his luck. Thinking all the time of the boy. Couldn't 'a' bin more upset if it had been his son. Suppose—

SHE sat there making excuses for herself, hating herself, pitying herself, certain that she was no longer loved. For ten minutes she sat and wrung her fingers, and cried, and stared at the fire. Then, sick of the silence, and fancying all the time that she could hear the whisper of Chan Lee's feet in the kitchen, she got up. Might as well go out as sit there. She went out.

She went out by the way Ben had gone, and in the street to which the back way opened, she asked about him. "Ben? Oh, ah—I see 'im running down Narrer Street." She went to Narrow Street. She didn't know why. Not to offer to make up—not yet a while. But this yellow boy might turn on Ben. They did queer things sometimes. Not that Ben couldn't look after himself. Only— She began to run.

Narrow Street was dark and damp, and lamps and windows made yellow splashes in the air. From the river came rumors of the river's life: the mournful sound of hooters, the throb of a police boat, the ring of the engine telegraph, the hiss of steamers. A Chink came up from a water alley, and passed a packet to a lounger. She spoke to the lounger. "Eh? Big Ben? Down at Housego's Wharf, I fink. 'E went that way."

She went down the lane and came on to the landing stage. A small tug was alongside. Its side lights danced in the water. Its head light made a crimson blot. As she reached the wharf, she heard chanting voices.

"All right?"

"All right."

"Cast off. 'Alf speed. Steady."

There was the clang of a bell, the blast of a whistle, the beat of the engine, the churning of the water. Slowly the tug swung away from the wharf, set herself to mid-stream, hesitated, then slid forward. In the moment of its hesitation she heard a cry—Ben's voice—from somewhere on the wharf. She ran toward the sound, and found him. "What is it? What is it?"

"Look!" He pointed to the tug. "He's gorn!" There, in the stern stood Chan Lee, his hand raised in farewell. Then, before her eyes, she saw Chan Lee straighten himself. She saw him grow taller. She saw the hump disappear. And as Ben caught her arm, and pointed, and cried "Look—oh, look!" she saw Chan Lee stand erect and loosen his coat and shake his shoulders.

From beneath his coat there fell into the water two little white wings and a broken bow. She knew then that she had driven Love away, and as Ben drew away from her she prayed—prayed that the two feathers might yet be lying on the carpet.

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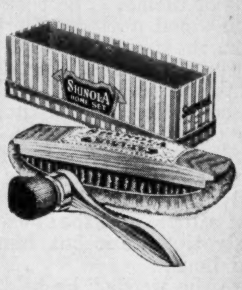

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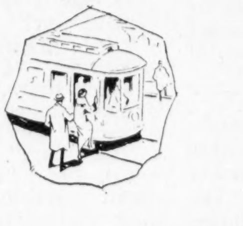

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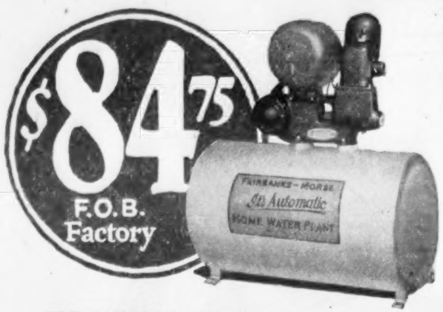

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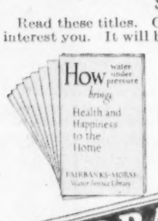
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had awakened, hours before—only hours before, though the day had seemed so long. Even before she found that he was here in flesh as in spirit, she had known that she was his; so when she discovered him she stood, nor could she wish to run away while he came swiftly toward her.

He came swiftly, yet not hastily; it was rather as though he moved toward her without his own volition. His feet made only the faintest sound upon the sand; and her ears were so full of the beating of her pulses that she heard him not at all. But her eyes were full of him, beneath the heavy crown of her braided hair; and when Bob drew sufficiently near he could see her eyes and see the depths of them. . . . So these two young people stood a little apart from one another, their eyes engaged, and for a long time neither spoke at all. He was trembling sadly; and Jennie perceived his confusion, and in that confusion—as is the fashion of women—found her own strength—found strength to smile serenely.

He said huskily: "Jennie!"

Her head bowed a little and she spoke his name so softly that none but him could have heard her.

"I came through the woods," he said, as though it mattered.

"Yes," she agreed. Their tones were slow, their words articulated with scrupulous care. And still they stood a little way apart, and spoke low phrases, and their voices in the night were a part of the night and a part of the pale silence of the birch wood where the leaves were whispering, as though the tall, fair trees watched them with gleeful comment, one to another.

"I wasn't sleepy," he told her.

"I couldn't go to bed," she replied.

"I wanted to get out of doors."

"So did I," she said, and nodded.

"I didn't mean to come here," he explained, a little more eagerly, as though he would reassure her. "I just happened to come this way."

"Oh."

"The bass are jumping, in the shallows along the shore. Feeding on minnows."

"Are they?" she asked, and smiled.

"Yes. Listen and you can hear them."

SO THEY listened, standing near together, their eyes turning toward the pond. But by and by, though the bass did leap and splash among the shallows, the man and the girl forgot them and remembered each other once more.

"It's a big moon," he said.

"Over the mountain, yes."

"I saw it come up."

"Did you?"

"Yes. Yes, I saw it come up," he repeated. "I was sitting on the bowlder there."

She watched him for a moment, then asked: "Why?"

"Thinking," he replied. And added hurriedly: "Oh, I wasn't thinking about anything special. You know. Just sitting there."

The leaves of the birch trees rustled as though in tender amusement.

"I expect you were thinking about something. Weren't you?" she asked.

"Why, probably lots of things," he confessed.

"It's hard to think much, in the night, in the moon, isn't it?"

"You just seem to dream," he agreed.

"It's nice, dreaming, though."

"I watched you coming through the birches," he said. "You walked so quietly. I couldn't be sure it was you at first."

"Couldn't you be sure?"

"I knew it was you," he explained. "But I couldn't be sure."

"Why not?"

"It seemed like dreaming," he told her. "You know the way with dreams. Things happen the way you want them to."

"Had you wanted me to come?"

"Yes."

"Why?" Her eyes were direct; she was so sure.

"I thought it would be nice to see you," he evaded.

"Did you?"

"Yes."

The Mountain

Continued from page 14

"Oh!"

He kicked at the sand by his feet, watching the effect with downcast eyes. She stood so still; her garments hung about her without movement, save that her breast rose and fell. A faint fragrance come from her to his nostrils, so faint he could not be sure it was not the scent of some wild flower of the wood. He looked up as though to make sure, and forgot his curiosity in her eyes. "I was sitting down," he said at last, slowly. "Can we sit down?"

"I ought to go home."

This faint resistance spurred him. "You don't need to. Aren't they all abed?"

She nodded, then remembered. "Father is out, somewhere," she said thoughtfully.

"Where?"

"He went down along the road. Just walking."

"I expect he's in bed by now."

"He would lock the door," she murmured, her eyes clouding. "I must go home."

"I wish you'd stay," he smiled with sudden fervor. "Stay," he begged. "We'll sit and watch the moon."

"I can watch the moon from my window."

"I'd like watching it with you," he told her. "Don't you want to watch it with me?"

She touched her hands one to another in faint distress. "I shouldn't. I shouldn't have come here," she murmured.

"Why not?" She had dropped her head, so that he had to draw closer in order to see her shadowed eyes.

"Father. . . ."

Her voice faltered and was still. He was so near her that she could hardly speak; but he said huskily: "Jennie!"

She asked: "What?"

"I wish you'd stay."

They debated this question of her departure as though she had not already yielded, found escape in this discussion from the more pressing, the overwhelming matters which filled them both. But in the end the subject was exhausted and they were silent again, still standing on the moonlit little beach. A little breath of air sighed among the birch tops, as though a pretty lady, finding the scene faintly tedious, had yawned behind her hand.

"Are you going to stay?" he asked vaguely.

"I oughtn't to," she protested.

He said again: "Jennie!" And she asked: "What, Bob?"

"Jennie!"

She smiled at him.

"Jennie, I like you so much." Her smile faded. She became sober, as though affrighted; and he was afraid she would leave him. "I do, Jennie. Please," he urged.

"Please what, Bob?"

"Do you like me?"

"I think you're nice."

His heart leaped with relief, this hurdle passed. "Jennie?"

"Bob."

She swayed a little more where she stood, and one small foot moved to steady her—moved toward him. . . . She was so tall and fair; he was so full of youth, and was so strong. Their two shadows had been lying along the bank, extending far up among the birches, tapering small and smaller toward the end. For a little while now they cast a single shadow instead of two.

THIS long silhouette swayed a little to and fro as they were swayed in the winds that blew upon them. The leaves of the birches whispered with a sound like many half-spoken exclamations of soft delight, then were very still. Silence lay all around, as though from all about them the affairs of the world were for the hour withdrawn. She had not known his arms could be so tender, yet so strong; her breath between his lips was wine.

They forgot that she must go back to her room, back to her window, thence to watch the rising moon. They forgot this and all other matters; the hour of their dream enfolded them.

By and by, arms so entwined they moved as one, they went slowly along the little beach and up among the birches, wandering like two bright shadows, still through the silent wood. And before them silence laid the path, and behind them silence built a wall, and about them as they moved there hovered the still and moonlit night. At times their figures, passing through a shaft of silver light, were all illumined; at other moments they moved duskily among the deeper shades. They went nowhere rapturously, because they went together.

Jennie told herself that since the morning she had known it would be so. . . .

TO DAVE BEARD the discovery of the woman on the mountaintop was like coming upon an apparition, but to the woman Dave presented a figure fully as astonishing. When he came near to where she stood he stopped and stared at her, and she accepted this scrutiny with a little movement of amused pride, turning her head so that her countenance also was illumined.

From waist to feet she had been in shadow, was in shadow still; but he saw now that she wore knickerbockers and woolen stockings below the soft leather vest which was her upper garment. This garb was in itself sufficient to make her a remarkable figure in his eyes; but there were other things about her. Her hair was blue-black, wound and coiled about her head; her skin was dark, almost swarthy, like dull gold; her black eyes were wide and deep and her lips were a slash of red.

There was something insolent and compelling in her beauty, forcing itself upon his consciousness. She was one of those women whose physical radiance cannot be ignored; it was impossible to see her, to be with her, without being continually conscious of the fact that she was beautiful from heel to head, in every line and posture and slow movement. In the curve of shoulder and waist and hip there was something serpentine; in her eyes and in her countenance there was again this suggestion of an indolent snake, full gorged. Dave was afraid of her, even while he felt his pulses pound.

The effect of Dave's appearance upon the woman is no more difficult to understand. He was a man in his middle years, but his life had been active and vigorous, and his countenance was strong without bearing any particular mark of age. He was roughly clad, as his work demanded; there was even about him some of that odor of the stable which a farmer always carries; there was also the aroma of the soil. His shoulders were broad, and beneath the thin sleeves of his shirt—for he wore no coat—she saw that his arms were almost harshly muscled. His great thighs bulged his patched and faded trousers; his legs stood straight and braced, and his feet in their old and shapeless shoes seemed to grip the ground.

She was used to soft men, or smoother and polished men, not to such men as Dave; and from this first moment—perhaps the spell of the night was upon her—he awakened in her an emotion astonishing in its power.

She endured for a space the silence that fell when he had come to a top a pace or two from where she waited; then with an eagerness to touch him, to make sure that he was real, she cried: "Your arm!" He looked down at the member stupidly, and she extended her hand with an impatient gesture. "Help me," she commanded. "I am hurt!"

He saw that she was indeed resting all her weight upon one leg, and he put out a clumsy hand. She grasped it with hers, wound her other arm through his, and half led him out into the moonlight, trying her hurt foot gingerly. A bowlder, smoothed by wind and weather so that it might serve as a seat, waited there; and she sank upon it and looked up at him, still holding to his hand. He tugged it free.

"How'd you come here?" he asked roughly.

"I climbed the mountain."

"What for?"

SHE moved one arm in a wide and graceful gesture, indicating the panorama north and west and south. "To see all this."

"All what?"

"The beautiful country," she told him; and he lifted his head and swung his eyes slowly around the circle of the moonlit lowlands to the further hills, as though trying to discover what it was she had come to see. She watched him, and a smile broke her lips and then she laughed.

"Listen," she told him. "I am a stranger, do you see. I travel to and fro seeking out beautiful spots, and when I find such spots I enjoy them. In a huge motor caravan like a moving home, so small that it shuts out the world. We're camped by the spring at the edge of the woods, down there." She pointed back along the crest of the Mountain.

"Must be on the old Trull place," he told himself in an undertone.

"Trull?" She laughed again, lifting both hands. "But what an ugly name for such a lovely spot. And then this afternoon, do you see, I came climbing. That Luigi, he was too fat and lazy to come, so I came alone. And I drank in all this below us here; and there were small blueberries on the ground, so sweet." Her brows lifted piteously, and she pointed to her ankle. "Then some pig of a swine shot at me, and a bit of rock flew and hit my ankle, and I was hurt."

"This afternoon?" he asked vacantly, stunned by the discovery that he had struck down such a woman as this.

"When else?" she rejoined. "So, these three hours, I am here all alone," her tone appealed for pity. "While the great sun went so gloriously down, and the great moon so gloriously rose. But what is the moon when you are alone?"

Her coquetry failed to touch him. "Is it hurt bad?" he asked.

"But look," she commanded, and with a swift movement tugged off her low shoe and stripped the stocking from her white leg. Upon the bone of the ankle a dark bruise showed. She held her leg poised before him so that he might see; and he stared at it dumbly, while she watched him with a lurking smile. "Feel, it is swollen," she commanded.

He touched her smooth skin with a rough forefinger, and she shivered at his touch, and reached forward and took his hand and turned it so that his palm pressed against her flesh and held it there. He drew it quickly away.

"That don't amount to anything," he commented ungraciously.

"The gallant man!" she exclaimed in pique.

"You can walk, all right."

She shook her head with vehemence. "I dare not. These legs of mine, you see; they are very strong and fine, and I must take care of them, because they are all I have."

"All the legs you have?" he repeated in angry bewilderment.

"But see," she confided. "Stupid countryman! I dance, do you perceive. Oh, if you knew anything at all, you would know me. That is the wonder of it. That you do not. I dance, in great theatres, under lovely lights, with many slim girls weaving a fabric of beauty as a background for my movements. But how can I dance without my legs?" Her tone became severely practical. " So I must take care of them. I must not risk them. You will have to carry me down the Mountain, my friend. Can you do that? I am not so very heavy, you see, for such a man as you."

"Carry you?" he repeated.

"I will hold tight about your neck," she assured him.

"It'll do you good to walk."

"I shall never walk down," she insisted. "Forever I stay here, until some one carries me down." A sudden gust of anger flamed in her and she cried: "Oh, what a pig did this to me? If I knew the man! How I would destroy him!" She stared at him with sudden attention. "It was not you?"

He shook his head hurriedly, started into a denial. "No ma'am."

"But no," she told him soothingly. "I should have known. Your face is strong, but it is gentle. No, it was not you."

In spite of this reassurance, Dave could not help knowing that he was in fact the culprit; he was responsible. It was his brutality which had struck down this light and lovely creature, had bruised the fair, firm flesh his palm had pressed. He was in haste to make amends, even without confession. "But I reckon I can carry you down," he promised.

"You are so strong."

"We'll have to wait, though," he told her practically. "Wait till the moon hits through them trees. I got to see my way, going down."

She shuddered. "That terrible descent. Thought of it made me weep and shudder—while I lay here alone."

"You climbed it, all right."

She laughed. "But that was fun, do you see. My legs are strong; I ran like a nymph through the wood. Oh, many people would have paid to see that. I was more beautiful than I have ever been. I played at a game, all alone. There was an old tree with sweet, rough bark, and I put my arms about him, this tree of mine, and pressed my cheek against his cheek, and caressed him with low words." Her mood changed, her tone became sedate. "But you would not like that, you sensible man."

"What kind of a dancer?" he asked slowly.

"Do you not even know my name?" she inquired, amused and yet, disappointed.

"No, what is it?"

"Then I shall have a particular name, for you alone," she told him, smiling sidewise at the big man. "I must be a nymph, for you are so much like a satyr who has found me in the forest. I will be Daphne. No, I will be Amoris. I will be Amoris for you."

"That's not your name."

"It is not a pleasant name on the tongue? Try it and see."

He said stubbornly: "Where'd you come from?"

"From the world," she told him. "The dream world that such men as you never enter. Do I provoke you? You are so slow and stolid, like a bull. Not at all like a satyr, pranking on his goat feet. But you do smell of the stable. A great bull!"

He looked at her steadily, flushed with slow resentment; and she perceived his rising anger and appeased it. "I meant no harm," she said, as simply as a child. "It was only fancy. There is no harm in fancying."

"I don't know anything about it."

"Ah," she smiled. "That is what is charming about you. You are not awake at all; you do not see at all; you do not feel at all.

He moved uneasily, as though to free himself from light bonds. His eyes turned toward the moon, and he said in a resentful tone: "We've got half an hour to wait yet."

"Half an hour?" she repeated. "Perhaps longer. Who can tell? I was lonely until you came, but I am not lonely now. It is not so often that I sit upon a mountain top in the moonlight with such a man as you. But you are not sitting. Sit here beside me. I wish to have you talk to me."

HE SAT down, not beside her, but upon the turf near by, and began slowly to whittle a fill for his pipe. This commonplace action served to steady his racing pulses and restore the hour to its place in the scheme of things. The present experience had heretofore worn unreality like a garment; assuming reality, it became infinitely more disturbing. He perceived that he was in very fact here upon the Mountain, in the night, with the most beautiful woman he had ever seen; one beside whom others seemed not even to share

(*Continued on page 30*)

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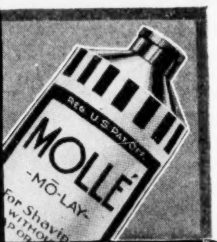

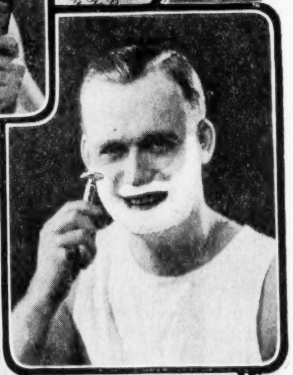

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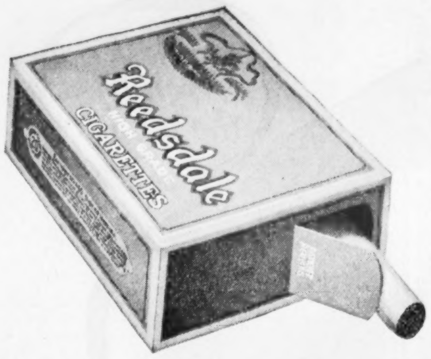

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The Mountain

Continued from page 29

the distinction of womanhood. If they were women, she was more. Her quick changes of mood, her low and thrilling tones, the insistent beauty which emanated from her threw his thoughts into confusion. He took a great deal of time with his pipe, and she watched him for a moment, and then left the bowlder and slid to the ground beside to see; when the pipe was filled she took it from his hands and begged a match. "While I put it alight for you," she commanded.

He yielded the match dumbly. "My cigarettes are gone," she explained. "I smoked one and then another till they were gone, while I was alone." The match flared and the heavy smoke rose in a cloud. She coughed and choked and shuddered. "Oh, terrible!" she cried. "It is brutal and coarse and rough like you yourself!" But when he would have taken it from her, she puffed at it again and again. "I like it," she insisted. "We will smoke it together. You and then I."

She pressed the hot bowl abruptly into his hands with hers and held his hands together upon it and guided the stem to his mouth. Her fingers touched his cheek, where a stubble stood; and she felt its rasp and laughed and passed her hand across it caressingly. "But you are not even shaved!" she cried in delight.

His courage was returning as custom made the moment easier. He asked abruptly: "What is a caravan?"

She made a wide gesture with her arms. "Like an enormous motor truck," she told him. "And we roar over the hills, and stop where we will; and Luigi cooks for me, and that snipe of a Steve drives like an angel, and I drink the countryside as we go by."

"Who's this Luigi?"

SHE laughed. "Ah, you must see Luigi," she told him. And with sudden memory, added: "The pig! He knew where I had come; he must have known something was wrong. Did he care? Did he care? Pouf! You see, he has not come to seek me. For him, I might expire here in the moon. But you have come, so he may stay away as long as he will. Only I will skin him when I see him again."

Her tone passed from tenderness and laughter to anger, to manner and phraseology astonishingly coarse. She was at least two women in one; this moment enticingly feminine, the next as harsh as a man. But her moods were all one astonishment to Dave. He smoked stolidly, holding to reality, waiting for the moon to reach a proper height; and beside him, forgetting that she had meant to share the pipe with him, she talked continually. Her voice sang in the night with the clear tones of a great bell just touched to sound; or, when she remembered her wrongs, it grated with quick-flaring rage, which as quickly gave way again to soft seduction. Sometimes Dave listened, and sometimes he did not; there were moments when his senses reeled and almost abandoned him. Outwardly unmoved, he was swept by a turmoil like that of a tempest; and his voice, when now and then he spoke, rumbled harshly in his deep throat.

She asked him no questions, seemed content to accept him as he was, but she amused herself by trying to make him thrill to the beauty all about them. That the effort was a failure was, she thought, more amusing than success would have been. If he had caught fire, she would have laughed at him; because he gave no least response, she sought the more intently to awaken him.

There is in thus playing with sleeping fires a fascination felt by every age. The woman found the game enthralling.

(*To be continued next week*)

The Play That May Make $5,000,000

Continued from page 5

related to that in which the comic Irishman, the comic Hebrew, the stage Yankee, and the stage Englishman have figured on the vaudeville and variety stages for many years. Call it slapstick, if you want to, though it is no more so than the humor which one William Shakespeare put into the characters of his clowns and country bumpkins. In reality it is a way of dealing with racial differences good-naturedly. These caricatures were somehow lovable. They were as much a part of our national tradition as Uncle Sam himself. Anne Nichols has used them in her play just as the said William Shakespeare used them in his. I am not comparing Miss Nichols with Shakespeare as a dramatist, but this resemblance between some of their characters happens to be a fact.

The Secret: Truth and Good Will

BUT there is another sort of humor a little beneath the surface of "Abie"—a wistful humor that shades off easily into pathos on the one hand and satire on the other. You see a little of the same thing in Charlie Chaplin. This humor is not Jewish, Irish, or Ruthenian, but plain human. Its effect is to remind us how absurd we are when we try to shut ourselves away behind walls of prejudice and pride, and what a beautiful thing it is when we try to pull down those walls! Humor is usually a matter of contrasts, and the contrast here is between the absurdity of the attitudes that keep men apart and the dignity and common sense of those that draw them together. When the lengths to which some of us will go to appear different are presented as they are in "Abie's Irish Rose" the fun of it strikes almost everybody. But it isn't Solomon Levy or Patrick Murphy that we're laughing at; it's ourselves.

But that isn't all. Miss Nichols hasn't just given us another picture of human folly. Bernard Shaw, another highly successful playwright, but one whose plays will never run three years on Broadway or three weeks in Hardscrabble Corners, has done that better than Miss Nichols. So did Ibsen. So have any number of others. But Miss Nichols, like Dickens, Mark Twain, and Charlie Chaplin, wasn't afraid to make her human nature lovable. You can't for a moment hate a single one of her eight characters. In my opinion this is because, back of her stage Jew, with his trick dress suit and his funny way of talking, and her stage Irishman, with his pugnacity, his brogue, and his wit, she has stuck to the truth.

You can't hate a man when you know the whole truth about him. Solomon Levy, Miss Nichols says, lives on Hester Street in the New York Ghetto. Alfred White, who plays Solomon in the New York production, says that the original Solomon runs a delicatessen store in the Bronx. And Patrick Murphy's name is legion; hot-tempered, tender-hearted, often with a good deal of poetry in him, we've all known him. We've also known the sweet young bride, who can fry an egg but can't turn it, and the gallant young husband who'll turn it for her until death do them part; and we've known Mrs. Cohen, who had the operation for appendicitis, and Mr. Cohen, who would rather read the comic strip than hear her tell about it.

Alfred White thinks the play especially true to life in its portrayal of the relations between the Irishman and the Jew—or some Irishmen and some Jews. "Whenever they get together," he says, "you'll see each of them watching the other to make sure he doesn't get the better of him. They'll argue and sometimes you may think they're going to fight. But they never do. There's always a twinkle in their eyes." in "Abie" Anne Nichols has brought the twinkle into plain view. There isn't a more thoroughly American thing in the whole world than that twinkle.

"Usually," said a man at the box-office window, "people will come up, sort of tight-lipped and businesslike, and say, 'Gimme a ticket.' But with 'Abie' they actually begin to smile when they hand out their money, before they've even seen the show. Priests and rabbis come with the rest. Miss Evelyn Nichols, sister of the playwright, who is Rosemary in the play, had noticed one priest a day or two before I talked with her. He sat near front and leaned forward very earnestly, and she could see his eyes moisten over the troubles and triumphs of Abraham Levy—who, by the way, as Harold Shubert in private life, was brought up a Methodist.

I tried to learn from Miss Nichols how "Abie" came to be born. Apparently the play had two strains of ancestry. One was a childhood experience. Miss Nichols was born and brought up in Georgia, after rather strict Protestant traditions, and some of her relatives didn't understand how she could be so fond of Jewish and Catholic playmates. That made her dislike the narrowness of many so-called religious people. Then, as she grew up, going to school for a while, then acting in stock, taking a fling at the movies, and finally writing plays, she saw the dramatic possibilities of the situation.

Here the other strain in "Abie's" ancestry came in—the stage tradition with which Miss Nichols was thoroughly familiar. She took simple and recognizable material, just as the makers of old ballads and folk songs used to do. By this time she knew from long experience how to build a play, and could put in laughs, as she says, as accurately as an architect puts windows and doors in a new building. Finally the story of the Jewish A. E. F. lieutenant and his little Irish bride—for the main incident in "Abie's Irish Rose" happens to rest on fact—gave her the plot she needed. She insists "Abie" is a comedy, not a drama, and she ought to know. But it is a comedy more significant than most acts of Congress.

Two comments on this play stick in my mind. One was by a girl who sat behind me one night when I had climbed up to the second balcony to see if the people there looked or acted differently from those in the orchestra. (They didn't.) "It's kind of homey, isn't it?" she said. I shouldn't wonder if that reflected an impression gained by most of "Abie's" audiences. Jewish or Gentile, Catholic or Prostestant, Nordic or, as Solomon Levy might say, something else again, they seem to recognize the homey quality in it.

Well, She's Earned Her Money

THE other observation was by Andrew Mack, otherwise Patrick Murphy, who has been everywhere and seen everything. He was standing in front of the Republic Theater watching the crowds stream by into that and other playhouses. "There's nothing new in the theater," he said. "People like the same things, generation after generation—the simple things. Out there"—he pointed to the crowds as though he were looking at them across the footlights—"are the ones who decide. It's them we play to."

They decided right about "Abie's Irish Rose," I think, despite the critics, and the decision seems to me to show that the American heart is still in approximately the right place. I bank more on the success of plays like this than on the Presidential election, and if Miss Nichols makes five million dollars out of it, as one imaginative theatrical statistician has predicted, I for one won't begrudge it to her.

The Perfect Day

By Franklin P. Adams

"SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright." Over all points, as Goethe, though he didn't live in the Bronx, said, is quiet.

Nothing is heard except the call, over on the Grand Concourse, of the Chummy Sedan to its mate.

And so, on this fair Sunday, what is there better to do than to pick up the balm-giving Sunday paper? Let us turn to page 22:

Youth Says He Chloroformed His Sweetheart to Death; Suspected that She Favored Others.
68-Year-Old Man Gives Life to Save Pet Dog from Train.
Claims Human Beings Have Right to Commit Suicide.
Woman Lives 52 Years with Incurable Disease.
Father Eagan Dies.
DEATHS.
Children Failed to Pray, They Are All Cut Off in Will.
Charged with Murder of Child Driven into Storm.
Grave Diggers Strike; Due to High Cost of Living.
Baby Found Dead After It Swallows Pacifier.
Aerial Hearse Brings Auto's Victim Home.
Artist Is Found Shot Dead in His Room.
Wrong Bodies Buried.
Death at the Feast.
Worry over Her Son Causes Woman to Commit Suicide.
Baptized on Deathbed, but Gets Jewish Burial.
Mrs. Agnes Marx Buried To-day.
Ousted from Poorhouse, Ex-Inmate Kills Himself.
Woman Is Killed While on Her Way to Attend Church.
Medicine Dose Fatal.
Edward Carey Eulogized at Funeral Services.
Bars Family from Grave During Funeral Services.
Burns to Death in Bed.
Aged Woman Killed.
Seed Chokes Boy to Death.
(Picture) Eye Behind the Gun.
Believed Dead Two Hours, but Policeman Revives Him.
Girl Wife Tries to Die; Blames Gossips in Note.
Girl Kills Mother to End Her Sufferings; Acquitted.
Attorney Solari Dies.
Bedridden Woman Dies as Fire Destroys Home.
Boy Killed by Auto While Coasting in His Toy Wagon.
Sleeping Sickness Blamed for Death of Taxi Driver.
Father's Weight on Ice Causes Death of Sons.
Wife Told of Accident to Husband Dies of Shock.
Slip Kills Brakeman.
Dies Writing Sermon.
Youth Offers Glands to Rejuvenate Father, 76.

LET it not be imagined that there is nothing else on page 22. There is also a story that the American Legion is going to ask ex-service men to give part of their bonuses to a veterans' tuberculosis camp; a story about the youngest girl bank cashier in the United States; a statistical article about the number—10,000—of articles that are lost every year in the Third Avenue surface cars; and a picture of a girl barber for girls. Drops, however, in the bucket.

Oh, yes—

The page 22 is page 22 of "The Bronx *Home* News," of New York City, and the italics are ours.

Something About Bermuda

Continued from page 7

make just a wonderful guardian, and I'd love to be your ward."

Next morning, when the ship edged her way into Hamilton harbor and he caught his first view of the city's exotic panorama — Marjorie Chaney stood at the rail beside him, a look of childlike captivation in her wide eyes. Cecil was still below, ostensibly seeing to the baggage, but more probably manicuring her golf clubs again.

TOM WILLIAMS awaited them at the wharf. "I say, Cecil," he began, as soon as he had ensconced them in his carriage. "You've certainly got your work cut out for you, if you're going to win this tournament. Some classy entry list this year."

"Who, for example?"

Their host rattled off impressive names. "But the girl you'll have to beat is Judda Spender, the English star."

"Judda Spender!" the champion's eye brightened. "Why, I've aways wanted a crack at her. Is she pretty good?"

"Good? I'll testify she is. Qualified this morning with a snappy seventy-six, which is just four strokes better than the next fellow."

Cecil laughed her exhilaration. "Lead me to it."

The Williams place proved to be an affair of exquisitely pink coral, reminiscent of an Italian villa with its shady loggias and enchanting pergolas. And it was perched upon a hill that rose from the very edge of the golf course. Ben felt his golfer's soul expand within him. Placid fairways, bristling hazards, and velvety greens lay outstretched beneath him.

"Simply wonderful!" caroled Cecil.

Of the half-dozen men who already surrounded her, Ben knew two by reputation: Jimmy Folger, a former amateur champion, and Harrison Black, likewise a golfer of international prestige. The others, he learned later, were all formidable players. And, just as he had foreseen, none of them deigned to pay any attention to little sister Marjorie.

"That course was just made for me," Cecil predicted. "I'll get a seventy-six sure this afternoon."

Tom Williams shook his head. "See that little cloud over there? I've lived in Bermuda long enough to prophesy it will be raining by two o'clock."

"Blowing too," chorused Mrs. Tom. "No afternoon for low scores."

Sure enough, it was sprinkling an hour later, when Cecil, nothing daunted, fared forth to the links, accompanied by the entire household with the exception of Marjorie and Ben.

"The rain won't last long," Tom Williams consoled him. "You can probably get in a few holes on the other course if you feel like playing."

Ben did feel like playing. Assuredly he had no intention of traipsing around after Cecil Chaney all afternoon. But it was well after half past three when the sun began shining again, and somewhat to his surprise, he found himself hurrying down the hill to join the gallery at the seventeenth green.

HE ARRIVED just in time to see the champion execute a marvelous mashie niblick out of a sand trap, dead to the pin. "What's her score?" he asked Tom Williams.

"Seventy-two, including this putt. The rain slowed her down, of course—but not so bad, eh? Got a good chance to tie Judda Spender's seventy-six."

Ben watched Cecil's magnificent drive off the eighteenth tee with reluctant ad-

(*Continued on page 32*)

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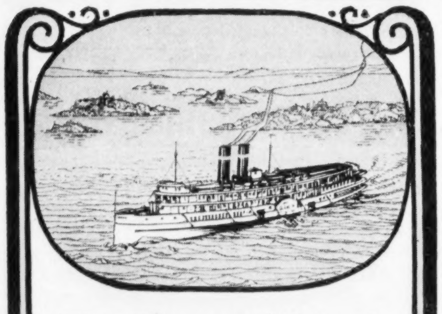

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Something About Bermuda

Continued from page 31

miration. He didn't like her much, didn't in the least approve of her—yet what a golfer.

Marjorie had remained at the villa all afternoon in the hope of getting a cablegram from the old lady, and by dinner time was deeply distressed because no word had arrived. But Cecil's only comment was: "Oh, Zeph's all right. Probably went to a movie and forgot all about us."

Very likely the other men in the party were quick to sense this indifference in her, for at the dance which the Williamses gave that evening the champion seemed none too popular. Half the time, Ben noted, she was partnerless, and he felt almost sorry for her when, on pretext of needing a good night's rest, she announced her withdrawal at ten o'clock.

"But ought I to stop too?" asked Marjorie regretfully.

"Good gracious, no! You can sleep in the morning." Cecil turned to Ben: "You'll look after little sister, won't you?"

"Delighted."

Little sister, he had been surprised to observe, was having the time of her life. Those two stanch golfers, Jimmy Folger and Harrison Black, competed openly for the favor of a girl who made no secret of detesting the game. Appealing brown eyes and a shy, expectant smile evidently counted for more on a dance floor than a hundred seventy-sixes. And the other men all had the same idea. Ben felt himself lucky to snare the last dance with her.

"Enjoying yourself?" he asked.

"Oh, it's been wonderful!" In her happiness she had even laid aside her anxiety about Aunt Zephine. "And I have you to thank for all of it."

"Absurd!"

"It's true. And I think you're—you're just the nicest guardian in the whole world!"

NEXT morning, at breakfast, Tom Williams hurried in with an importunate air. "I say, Cecil! Think you can hit the ball on the nose this forenoon?"

"Do I! I'll shoot pretty close to seventy. But why?"

"Because the tournament committee has just phoned that you're to play your first round at nine-thirty—and who d'you think you've drawn?"

Cecil's eyes shot forth joyous anticipation. "Not—"

"Yep—Judda Spender. I call it the limit! There ought to be a seeded draw, just as in tennis, so that you two wouldn't have to meet till the finals."

"Your tempo's bad, Tom. Why, I wouldn't miss a chance like this for the whole of Bermuda!" She sprang up eagerly. "Five after nine now—better get going, what?"

Within three minutes they had all clattered out of the villa, leaving Ben to his somber reflections upon abnormal feminine psychology. Imagine a girl getting so keyed up over a golf match!

"Still, I don't know that I blame her so much. I feel like giving the ball a few good rides myself this morning."

Marjorie had not appeared for breakfast, but just as he was in the act of reaching for his clubs she descended apologetically, "I'm afraid I overslept."

"Lots of time. Here—have some coffee. And look—don't you want to walk around with me this morning?"

"Love to—if only I were sure Aunt Zephine was all right. She ought not to have stayed out on the deck in all that rain! Perhaps she caught a bad cold."

He was still reassuring her when the butler entered with a cablegram. "For Miss Cecil," he said. "Will you take it?"

Marjorie nodded brightly. "Thank goodness, at last! Now I can go with you. . . . Oh!" Her smile had vanished; one hand clasped her temple tremulously. "Oh!"

"What is it?" Ben leaped around the table, and snatched up the message.

Aunt seriously ill. Possible pneumonia. CORNWELL.

Marjorie was crying now. "Just when I was beginning to have a good time. I knew something—"

"Who's Cornwell?"

"Our family doctor. Oh, what shall I do, Ben?"

"There's a boat at ten. Can you make it?"

She shook her head helplessly, yet with a hint of relief. "Couldn't even pack in that time. Where—where are you going?"

"To tell your sister. Somebody must."

"But her golf match—"

"—be blowed!" He meant just that.

AS HE ran down to the first tee, Cecil was in the act of driving and subconsciously he noted the ball's swift and accurate leap into the air. Too bad! He'd like mighty well to have gummed that first shot of hers, anyway. He'd like even better to throw her completely off her game, make her lose the match, but no hope!—probably she wouldn't be fazed in the slightest."

"Cable from your aunt." He thrust the message into her hand, then added, by way of heavy sarcasm: "There's a boat in half an hour."

"Right!" said the champion crisply. Not a single wasted gesture. Not a single heart-broken look at the links that beckoned to her so enticingly. "Sorry," she addressed Judda Spender. "Sickness in the family. Got to default."

The English star proved herself a regular person. "I say—I'll gladly agree to postpone till this afternoon."

"Can't do. We'll meet again some day." And Cecil began loping up the hill toward the pink villa.

She was nowhere to be seen by the time Ben arrived, very badly winded. But Marjorie, all smiles again, handed him a second cablegram, which had that instant come.

Perfectly all right. Just a little cold. Pay no attention to that fool doctor. AUNT ZEPHINE.

"Everything's lovely, after all," she sighed blissfully, with a slight swaying motion toward him.

"Everything is *not* lovely." Cecil stood in the midst of the little group, looking exceedingly determined. Already she had thrown on a raincoat, and in her hand was a traveling bag. "So long, everybody. I'm off."

Why, she wasn't even taking her golf clubs with her! Staggering shock number two for that well known authority on women, Ben Beamer.

"But"—thus began Tom Williams with an air of grievance—"but this second cable says—"

"But nothing! Speed up that carriage a bit, please. No, Aunt Zeph's good and sick—no doubt about that—but she's enough of a sport not to want to spoil our good time, the old dear!" Till now, the champion had been steely self-possession itself, but all at once her face began quivering a little, and she angrily brushed away a suspicion of moisture from her eyes. "Oh, damn! How I loathe women who weep!"

There came a rattle of wheels.

"But what about me?" implored Marjorie, who was crying quite copiously once more. "Ought I to go with you?"

"Great hat, no! Haven't got time to do your packing, too." Abruptly, Cecil thought better of her impatience. "Sorry, I didn't mean to say that. No, by all means stay—have all the fun you can. I don't mind going alone."

Thereupon she gave Ben a peculiarly direct look—only now her blue eyes were anything but cool and impersonal. To him, somehow, she was a lady golf champion no longer—never would be again, either. Not unless he was a whole lot dumber than he thought he was.

"You'll see to her, won't you?" Without waiting for his answer, Cecil hurried on, "And here's hoping you have a great week on the links—and that you get that seventy-five, sure!"

She was gone, leaving in her wake a chorus of half-indignant protests.

"After all," Marjorie justified, "there wasn't any use of our both going, was there?" Ben was thankful she had stopped wringing her hands. "Ready to take me round the course with you now, Mr. Guardian?"

"Just half a minute! You go out to that pergola, yonder, and wait till I come, will you?"

He dashed upstairs to his room, and for the space of some sixty seconds gazed hungrily out upon the glamorous verdure of the links outstretched beneath. "Oh, gosh!" Then feverishly began stuffing things into a bag. . . .

"But what I still can't understand," remarked Cecil, "is how you ever managed to catch the boat. I barely made it myself."

"If necessary, I'd have swam, or swum—which is it?—all the way back to New York."

Two steamer chairs in close proximity on the upper deck, whence the rise of the waning moon and its coruscating reflections upon the indigo sea could be advantageously observed. Ben resented even the wireless operator's intrusion.

"Two radios for you, Miss Chaney."

She read them. "Oh, glory hallelujah!"—and passed them over to Ben.

Aunt much better. Out of danger. CORNWELL.

Up to-morrow. You're a chump, but I love you. Glad you're coming alone. ZEPHINE.

"Great old girl! Never a whimper out of her—that's why I'd sell my soul for her." Cecil glanced at him reproachfully. "But poor Marjorie! You ought not to have left her alone. She'll need some one, she's so helpless."

"Helpless—well, rather!" Ben agreed. "However, you needn't worry. By this time every male in Bermuda has probably appointed himself her guardian in my place."

"Yes, Marjorie does have a way with her. Goodness knows, I've never had a chance against her; she's snitched every suitor of mine for years. You men like helpless girls, and you positively do not like athletic girls."

"I do."

"Never noticed it so much. Why, you've been treating me like a leper." Firmly she discouraged his ardent arm. "No, no—you were right. Understand, I like you, Ben; and it was certainly corking of you to want to come along. But this is an age of specialization. I'm a golf champion, first and foremost; I care more about winning tournaments—"

"Now listen!" he interrupted crossly. "You fooled me with that stuff for three whole days—me, an expert judge of women!—but you can't fool me any more, see?"

BEN Beamer was accounted one of the most persuasive advocates at the New York bar, yet it was at least four hours later when he knocked at the door of the wireless room. "Sorry, old man," he greeted the operator. "Hope I didn't wake you up."

"Sparks" yawned wearily. "Haven't been asleep. Been expecting you, but I didn't think it would take you so long to put it across."

"You mean you knew—"

"Sure—happens every trip. I guess it's this southern climate that does it."

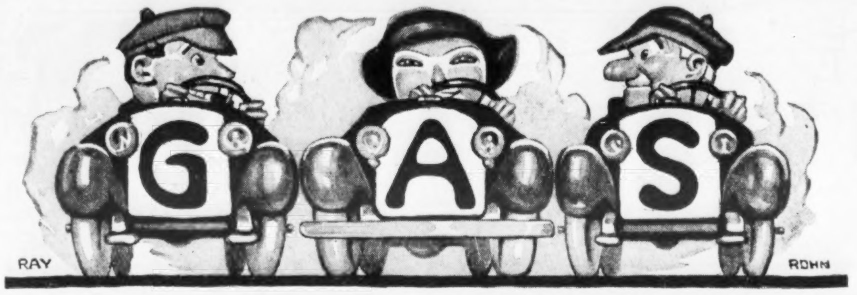
After his visitor had departed, the operator perused the two radiograms, a faint grin animating his tired face. "Of all the damfool messages—worse'n usual. Well, let's go!"

The first was to Charles Swinnerton, Esq., Attorney at Law.

You said it, there is something about Bermuda. Expect Cecil and me back June first. BEN.

The second to Aunt Zeph.

But I'm not coming alone. Meet me License Bureau, Municipal Building, Monday noon if you're well enough. Name's Ben Beamer. Claims not to like helpless women. Crazy about you and insists you're going to Europe with us. Awfully sorry but I couldn't help it. Have agreed not to play in more than six tournaments a year hereafter. CECIL.



Worth a Real Campaign

COLLIER'S is heartily in favor of a greater increase in the number of public comfort stations. This seems a job for the big motorist associations. Go to it, American Automobile Association and others.

Write to "Gas"

WHAT is the matter with motoring in your town? What are the authorities doing about it? What are your own suggestions for bettering conditions? Tell "Gas." The ideas may save lives, money, time, and brain fag elsewhere. But we're shy of room—make 'em brief.

Night Riders

IF YOU contemplate a trip of 100 to 150 miles, try making it at night. Start about eleven o'clock and drive all night. The results will surprise you. You'll find the night air invigorating, the traffic almost nil, pedestrians even niller, and the slow dawn beautiful and good for your soul. If you know the road in advance, you'll make the journey in half the usual time and without breaking any of Barney Oldfield's records, either.

It All Depends

SOME cars get dangerously out of control at speeds which are quite all right for others. It all depends on rigidity of construction, flexibility of operation, efficiency of steering gear, springs and shock absorbers, the brains and judgment of the driver, and the general condition of the car and its tires. A lot depends, too, upon whether or not the driver is thoroughly familiar with the road ahead.

Unusual Fuels

To the Editor of Gas:

RECENTLY I read that in a race in Sweden or Norway a car using alcohol made from corn stalks beat an American car using gasoline. I remember hearing sometime ago predictions from the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture that manufacture of alcohol from corn stalks, for use as a gasoline substitute, was or would be perfected. What is the truth of this matter and what changes in motors would be necessary?

J. N. H., Detroit, Mich.

It is one thing to construct an automobile using unusual fuel to beat existing cars in a race and quite another to make the new form of construction commercially feasible. Several years ago alcohol was being experimented with extensively by automotive engineers. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that alcohol could be used but only in specially designed engines and that it was not feasible to attempt to adapt existing engines for alcohol. Several devices have been patented for using alcohol with carbide for automobile use but are too complicated to be commercially practicable. There has always been a mistaken idea about low prices for alcohol. Whether from corn stalks or other sources, it is not available at a low enough price to consider. In other words, alcohol cannot be used in existing engines and it would be years before national distribution could be secured in competition with gasoline.

Standardizing Lights

To the Editor of Gas:

DON'T you think one of the car manufacturers has made a good suggestion that cities and states should get together and agree upon the meaning of lights. Railroad practice dictates that a green light means to proceed. In New York it means to stop. To a railroad man a red light means to stop, but thousands of motorists every night pass red lights attached to the rear of motor vehicles. Last year more than 100 motorists crashed through crossing gates to the right or left of the red lights attached to gates of one railroad alone. They thought they were passing automobiles. Wouldn't the use of orange lights overcome this difficulty?

C. H. G., New York City.

Illuminating engineers and several public bodies are now working on the problem. Let's hope for early results.

Consider the Locomotive

To the Editor of Gas:

IT IS a shame that millions of dollars are wasted annually and the reputation of perfectly good cars made to suffer through the carelessness of a majority of automobile owners. Compare a motor car with a railroad locomotive. The engine is turned over to the engineer in the best possible running condition. He has a schedule of stops, running time, sidings to take, stops for fuel and water. At certain stops the engineer gets out, oils bearings and fills all oil and grease cups. The run finished, the engine is taken to the round-house for a thorough inspection and reconditioning for the next trip. No chances are taken that bearings may wear out or other working parts break or get out of adjustment.

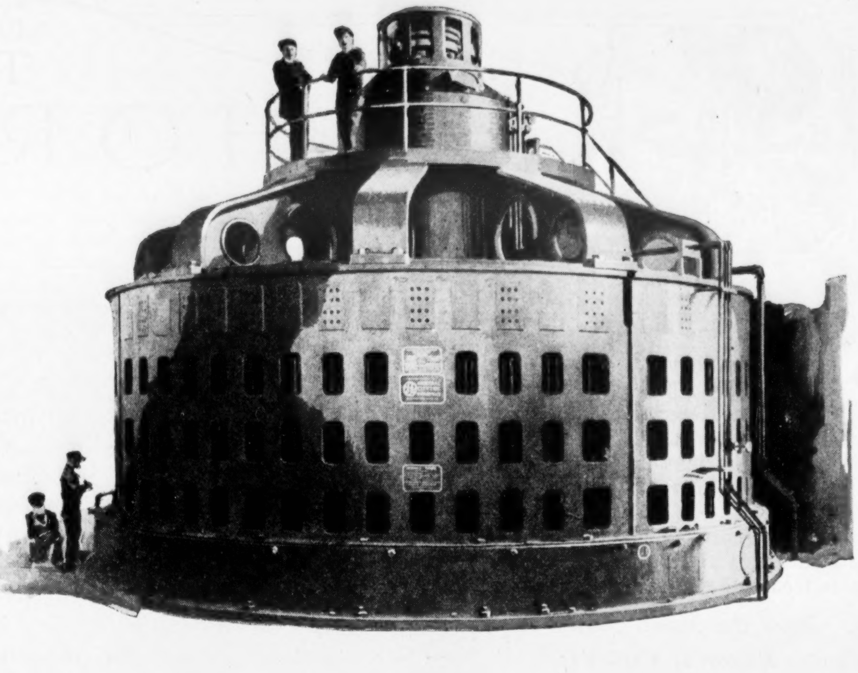
As for an automobile, gasoline and water are put in frequently because necessary for its operation. Oil is put in now and then, the car is greased when squeaks are annoying, bearings are taken up when absolutely necessary, carbon is removed and cylinders ground when knocks in the motor or lack of power make it imperative. Tires are given air when flat, instead of being changed around as they should to give increased mileage. The car is run on a haphazard schedule, in the best possible time and with the least possible preparation or trouble. Not one owner in fifty gets out of a modern car the service there is in it, although, in many instances, the car represents an investment of many months' savings and sometimes years of economy and sacrifice. Through this neglect, hundreds of dollars are lost in resale value and—but what's the use?

GEORGE E. SMITH, Cincinnati, Ohio

Motoring Commandments

LOOK to thy battery, that it may not thirst, for a thirsty battery will practice reprisals on thee far from home. Without water of special distillation a battery will grow weary and will wither and die, even as the flowers in the field.

See thou that thy wheels are in alignment, else will thy tires wear out in unexpected places.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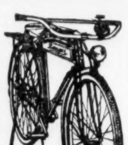
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exists for the man who wishes to be his own boss and the owner of a permanent, ever-expanding, profitable merchandising service. It may start with $100 capital, or $10,000, but it cannot start without capital. The degree of success has no reasonable limit. It has attracted to it and has today engaged in it, men who are conspicuous successes and of long and wide experience in merchandising, with capital abundant for all their requirements; and the other extreme of men and women with limited business experience and qualifications, and very small capital.

No man is too big for the business.

Men of strong professional standing with splendid incomes have given up these incomes and their professional work to engage in this service, with success.

The business is merchandising, but it entails a service that is unique, intensely interesting—productive of great enthusiasm, and broadly constructive. It makes you the greatest benefactor in your community, town, city, or district, and pays you a real profit for such benefaction.

Service is the foundation of all real success, and this service literally enables you to take time from eternity and put it into the life of man, and make legitimate profits in doing so.

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(The above is not merchandising books or magazines)

THE HORIZON

To that far line where Earth attains the skies
Adventure on—there waits your enterprise

HENRY FORD'S MUSCLE SHOALS offer, made three years ago, has had keen interest for great numbers of Collier's readers ever since, as the letters about it received all along have shown. It has been publicly discussed as a project for national benefaction, especially to the farmers, and as a wolf in sheep's clothing. Collier's has heard oftenest from people who have taken the former view of it.

Through all this controversy Mr. Ford himself has been silent on the subject. Now he talks. He tells why he thinks development of the Muscle Shoals atmospheric nitrogen plant, done as he would do it if given the chance, is a national need. He lays stress on its vital importance in event of another world war. He "would do anything in the world to prevent war," but is not a pacifist "in that I do not fool myself into believing that saying, 'War ought not to be,' is the same thing as doing something to prevent it." He thinks that, in view of the present tendency to fight with explosives from the air, giving us an independent supply of nitrates for explosives would be decidedly doing something to prevent it. He goes on to consider our national character and its superiority to the monopolistic trade aggression that leads to war making.

This interview with him, by Samuel Crowther, is what newspaper men call a "beat." Alone, it would make this issue of Collier's notable.

SOME striking testimony by readers has resulted from Jack O'Donnell's "They Are Drinking More Than Ever," published in Collier's of June 21st. Here is a letter contending, with detail, that the towns of what may be called the classical moonshining section of the country are already sobered up to admiration—also another asserting, in a more general way, that Mr. O'Donnell is right and "synthetic gin" is indeed to be had almost anywhere.

Now the Moon Shines Dim

To the Editor of Collier's:

Your contributor Jack O'Donnell refers to the moonshining in the mountains, and leaves open the inference of an enormous business largely unhindered.

My business has taken me for the last five years through the hills and mountains of eastern Kentucky and along the Ohio River. This territory was long notorious for moonshining and heavy drinking. Through its towns and the "wild mountain" territory itself I have had the best opportunity in the world to see the effects of prohibition.

Maysville had at one time several distilleries. I was in and out of this town day and night for weeks and saw, all told, three men under the influence of liquor. Everything is quiet and orderly, violators are given the limit. Greenup, that had the reputation for years of "hanging a man every Saturday to amuse the drinking crowd, and failing a man hung a dog," is now as quiet a little town as anyone could wish to live in. In ten days there I saw one man, a country horse jockey, drunk. Public sentiment is against it. There are rumors of some wild doings in the country near, but it keeps out of town.

Catlettsburg was once written up as "the wettest spot in America," and Russell was known as "rough." These towns, and Ashland, were centers of my activities for three weeks, in which I did not see in the three places as many as ten drunks. The people were sober and happy. The banks report great increase in savings accounts.

Violators Go to Jail

For five weeks I have been in Pikeville and in a number of the largest mining camps of eastern Kentucky. Have been in hundreds of the homes, have seen the communities day and night, and have not seen six men under the influence. A man found drinking in any of these camps is fired at once. True, the jail at Pikeville has forty men in it, most of them for moonshining and bootlegging—but they are from the back country districts.

I have been across the line into Virginia and about the homes of the "Potter flat" people, reputed bad outlaw moonshiners. Assuming that they are, if you could see the wretched little cabins and the poor little children, you would see that it cannot pay so well. If it were as profitable as some people would have us believe, then the Potters would live in palaces.

Elkhorn, near by, was under the old régime until six months ago. A drunken brawl led to three deaths. The citizens organized, put into office men who enforce the law, and in ten days I did not see one drunk. Elkhorn is now a lovely, quiet little town, and will soon be a haven for tourists.

Gary is Drier, or Seems So

Let me add a word from my home town, Gary, Ind. Although the population is 80 per cent foreign, and although the mayor and sixty others are under indictment for conspiracy to evade the prohibition law, in six days' careful observation recently I saw fewer drunks on the streets than I could have seen in six minutes when we had the saloons.

If you want an affidavit or bank references, I shall be glad to furnish them. I have seen drinking in several large cities, but in Chicago, Detroit, and most of the largest cities of the East, visited within two years, I have noted the absence of drunken men on the streets and have noted a change of public sentiment.

H. R. DeBra, Gary, Ind.

One Vast Synthetic Oasis

To the Editor of Collier's:

I wish to say Amen to the article by Jack O'Donnell, "They Are Drinking More Than Ever." His observation of the condition of the enforcement of the prohibition act coincides with my own experience in traveling over thirty-seven states during the last eighteen months. As he writes, synthetic gin is fast becoming our national beverage—that is, for people not located near the oases on our coast line and borders.

I want to congratulate Collier's, although nominally "dry," on its fair-minded attitude in publishing an article of this sort that so contradicts the propaganda that is being handed out to us by the professional and political "dry" people.

J. L. Williamson, Chicago, Ill.

To repeat: Collier's isn't "nominally 'dry'" in the sense that is implied. Collier's is for respect for the laws and is against the saloon.

Another "Wife Without a Country"

To the Editor of Collier's:

My wife is in exactly the same case as the Detroit woman whose letter appeared on the Horizon. My wife was born in Virginia of a family American since 1600. She became an Italian on marrying me in 1918. At the time I had declared my intention to become an American, and as soon as I was here five years I applied for my final papers.

It took the best part of a year for a government office to certify as to my arrival here (even though I supplied every detail requested) and this, coupled with our moving around every few months, resulted in my not getting my final papers before September, 1922.

Now I am an American citizen with full rights, my wife (although she has never even left this country) is, technically, an Italian, but no Italian authorities would issue a passport to her because there is no record in their possession making her an Italian.

The wonderful trouble makers in Washington could have put a provision in the law admitting again to citizenship American-born women at the time of their husband's becoming full-fledged citizens. This would have eliminated all this present trouble and would have kept undesirable alien women from becoming citizens automatically by the act of their husbands. Instead, the expert lawmakers, with a stroke of the pen, insulted and damaged thousands of American-born women, putting them in the same class with undesirable aliens.

I am going to get and keep for reference a list of the Representatives identified with the 1922 law. At election time I may be able to help some of them to retire.

L. M. B., New York City.

As One Farmer Sees It

To the Editor of Collier's:

Having been born on a farm and devoted more than three score and ten of my years to farm life should qualify me to testify on the "woes of the farmer." At the beginning of the war I was on a 300-acre farm of good quality. The war and war industries took all our farm labor from us. The government took all our capital savings and fixed the prices at which we were to sell our principal products, also fixed freight rates so high we could not ship.

I bought Liberty Bonds "until it hurt," at par. Later, through need to operate the farm, I sold for eighty-five. The money that I paid went to Eastern banks into a fund as a credit for our allies to check against for munitions, and became, as I understand it, a loan to them.

The munition producers drew from our allies one thousand per cent profit, or were enabled through the kind consideration of Congress to receive on the 100-cent bond one thousand dollars, while I received eighty-five cents. Thus I am giving 15 per cent inducement for the profiteer to take my money, so he can make a millionaire of himself and leave me to pay his taxes.

Congress should be compelled to make reparations to the farmers *now*. We are not mendicants. We ask no donation. Put us on our feet whole as we were in the beginning and we will be content. But it appears Congress has no man big enough or broad enough to take any step that interferes with railroad rates or the high wage paid by the industries in the great effort to continue our fictitious prosperity.

H. B. Angell, Alma, Mich.

It is not necessary to fall in with Mr. Angell's conception of war-time finance in order to be deeply interested in his clear expression of one component of the farmers' state of mind.

Maybe a Good Lie Helped?

To the Editor of Collier's:

You tell of a golfer near eighty who, nevertheless, "toward the end of the first month made an 84." Certainly it is a pleasure to see worn-out business men rejuvenate themselves through golf, but the unnamed and probably hypothetical octogenarian who played an 84 toward the end of the first month either made it on nine holes or—

You couldn't prevail on Chick Evans, Hagen, or Sarazen to hold up the right hand and swear to having made eighteen holes in 84 toward the end of the first month.

My observation of many years is that not more than twenty-five per cent of club members ever reach the 84 of your very fortunate octogenarian, which leads me to wonder if golf has done less for the moral than the physical being.

Walter P. Neff, Kansas City, Mo.

He's With Senator Norris

To the Editor of Collier's:

After reading, "My Party, Right or Wrong," by Senator Norris of Nebraska, the writer feels that his own convictions on absolute independence in politics are right more than ever.

Why should the voter who believes in justice and righteousness line himself or herself up with any bunch of politicians whose sole ambition is to gain office?

Why should any man be a Republican or a Democrat solely because Dad was?

Why should men be elected simply because they have the approval of party politicians?

Why is it that men and women of high moral standards, known in their communities as God-fearing people, and who if elected would enforce the laws and would only enact laws whereby justice and righteousness would be maintained and enforced, cannot be nominated and elected?

The writer hopes to see the day when parties will be a thing of the past.

Paul Eppert, Kansas City, Kan.

They came from the same sort of homes.

They attended the same high school.

The difference between them is $15,000 a year

The reason for the difference is just 15 minutes a day. Do you know the secret of these magic 15 minutes that can help a man to think clearly, talk interestingly, earn more? The secret is told in a free book; send for your copy to-day.

UP TO a certain point the lives of these two men were almost identical—same sort of homes, same schools, same start in business. Then the difference began. One stopped growing.

The other surprised people. In conversation he showed a familiarity with all sorts of interesting subjects. He talked like a man who had traveled widely—though his travels had consisted entirely in the daily trip between his home and his office.

Older men discovered that he thought clearly and expressed himself well. They began to rely on his judgment. As one of them said: "He seems to get a little bigger and sounder every month; you can almost *see* him grow."

What was the secret of his growth?

It is the secret that many other successful Americans have learned. All over this country more than 100,000 people in all walks of life have formed the magic habit of giving 15 minutes a day to making their minds stronger, bigger and more interesting.

Does this sound hard? It would be, under ordinary circumstances, if one had to do it alone; for there are millions of books in the world and the average man or woman is at a loss where to begin to read them or how to read them so as to make a few minutes a day count.

But this task has been made very easy by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, who was for forty years President of Harvard University. From his lifetime of reading and study he selected the few really great books that trace the progress of civilization; he edited them with notes and reading courses so that in even 15 minutes a day anyone can get the knowledge and the broad culture that are the tools of success in modern life.

You should know at least something about

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

It is easy to find out. For an interesting little book has been published that gives all the facts about the Five-Foot Shelf (also called the Harvard Classics), and it is yours for the asking.

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You are cordially invited to have a copy of this book. It will be sent to you by mail, without obligation of any kind. Just tear off this coupon and mail it today.

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This is the free book which the coupon below will bring you. It will show you how much 15 minutes a day can mean to you in growth and success.

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